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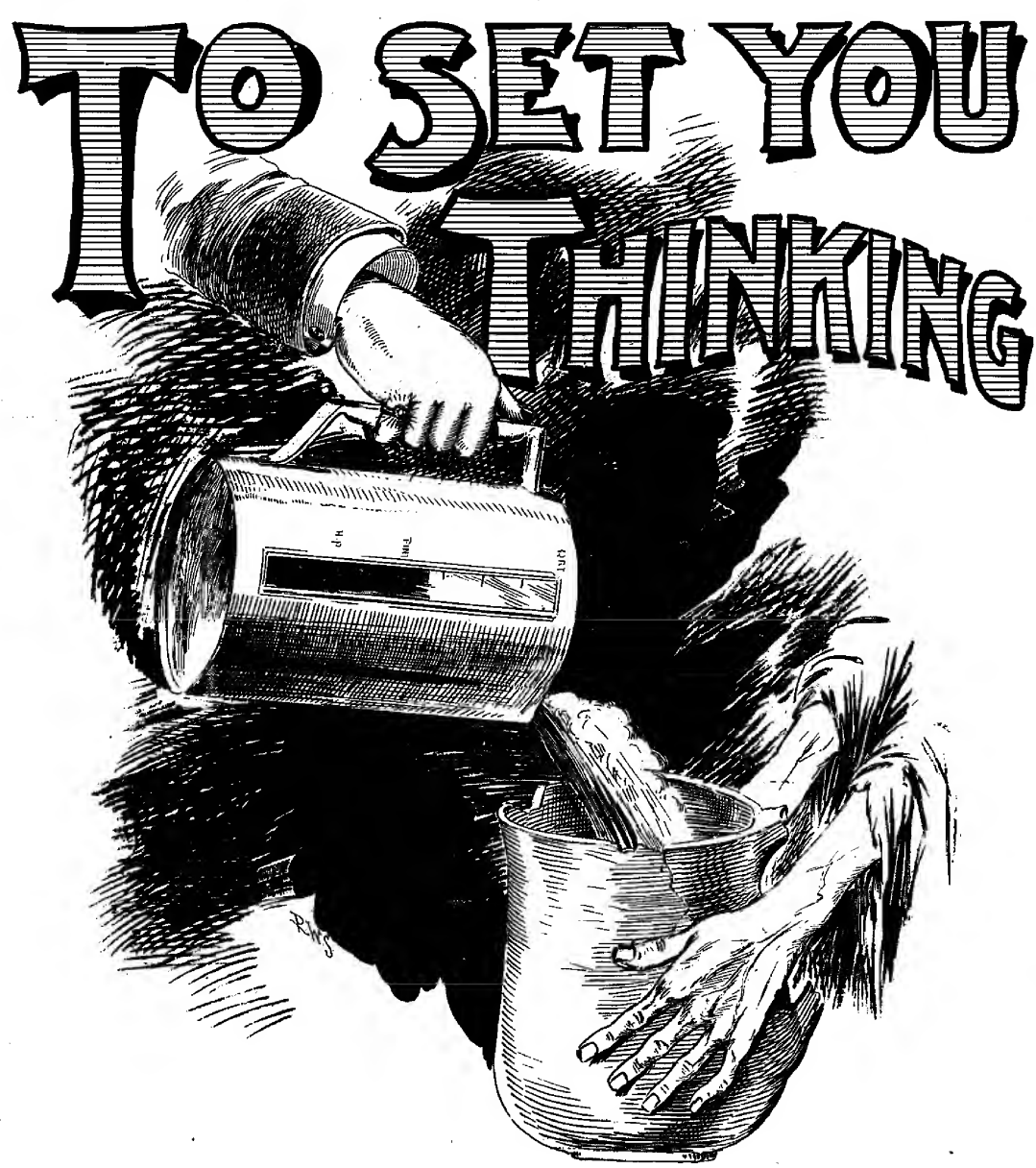
THE

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.


15th Year. No. 31. WILLIAM BOOTH, General. TORONTO APRIL 29, 1899. EVANGELINE BOOTH, Correspondent. Price, 5 Cents.



My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL.

Freemantle Sighted.—Where is the General?—Hoisting the Yellow Flag—At Woodman's Point.—Small-Pox is Here!—Wholesale Vaccination—Over the Wall.—Heat and Flies.—Liberation.—Reflections on Quarantine.—In Perth Town Hall.—Journalistic Cross-Examination.—A Teetotal Banquet.—Good-bye to Perth.—Governmental Courtesy.—At Narbonne and York.—Albany at Last.—Who is—Dr. Sampson?

Tuesday, February 21.

 HEAVY rain, of some-thing else, caused me a very restless night, but this is nothing new, for I have slept very imperfectly all through the passage. I do not think I ever remember having so little sleep in the time in my life. Through mercy, however, I am well, and with my comrades, full of hope and confidence for the coming campaign.

We are to be landed by 9:30, the Captain says, and the day has been largely occupied in getting our things together. A few looking forward to the campaign for months, smothering the battle from afar, as it were, we are now within forty-eight hours of the first engagement, and faith and hope are in full swing for a good start.

Seven p.m. The Freemantle lights are sighted. Soon after we slow down to make the pilot on board. We had been proceeding carefully, taking soundings at every few yards, but the moment the pilot reached the bridge away we went full steam ahead. And now the doctor's boat comes alongside, and after him a steamer creeps carefully up, and as the lights of the ship flash upon her, we discern several uniforms which are familiar. A little nearer, and a voice from the crowd rings out: "Where is the General?" The voice of the Commandant was at once recognized. He and his Staff have come to welcome me to Australia.

Commissioner Pollard says: "General, you had better receive the Commandant in your cabin. I will go and bring him to you." Accordingly I go to my cabin and await the interview.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE COMMANDANT.

I could not help feeling some considerable satisfaction in contemplating it. I had not seen my son Herbert for nearly three years. He had made a good man in Australia, and I wanted to tell him so. I knew that he loved me dearly, and need not say that I loved him with all a father's affectionate heart. I knew from his letters he was looking forward to meeting me with great eagerness and delight, and now the hour had come. I expected every moment to hear his voice, but he did not arrive. I wondered and wondered, and wondered again why it was, and what we were doing, and at last my patience gave out, and I sent to enquire.

There was some uncertainty about a case of sickness. A Dean bill of health had been returned by the Captain, the ship's doctor had said that all was right, but at the last moment the purser had mentioned that one of the families, which we took on board as servants for a gentleman landing at Fremantle, had some sort of trifling illness, and he thought the doctor had better see him for himself. The doctor at once prohibited anyone going aboard our vessel, or anyone coming off. A young lady who had come from London to be married had just reached her beloved. I think they had asked, but they had to part, and Commissioner Pollard, instead of bringing the Commandant, returned to tell me how things stood, that we should know the result in a few moments, that it might be all right that we should get away.

In a few moments I did know, and that with a vengeance, as they say. I knew the unpleasant fact that the doctor suspected that the family had small-pox, that he had declared the ship in quarantine, ordered the yellow flag to be hoisted, and forbidden communication of any description between passengers within and visitors with-

out except that of shooting to each other in the presence of passengers and crew, with the surging of the turbulent sea, and the working of the cranes, and a hundred other noises. Disappointment is too feeble a word for all concerned, especially for my Australian Staff. Instead of taking the General to meet the immense crowd on the pier, which had waited some hours, there was nothing for it but about "Good-bye" and wait for the morning, when a further consultation is to decide the matter.

Wednesday, 22nd.

Everybody on board is in consternation at the prospect of twenty-one days' confinement to the ship, or on some desolate island, nobody more so than the Salvation Army officers on shore, who had everything planned for the goldfields' trip, and all the meetings that are to follow.

I cannot give up. The Commandant was alongside at six. He has had little or no sleep. The medical consultation is to come off at eight. Is it small-pox, or is it what one of the German officers described to the Commissioner as "Tetter-Box"—chicken-pox, he meant to say.

The doctors have consulted. The ship's doctor maintains his ground that there is nothing serious the matter with the man; but the district health officer insists that there is a serious element of doubt, sufficient to make further consultation necessary. Meanwhile he goes again to the shore, which is a couple of miles away, for a further consultation with someone there. To add to the Captain's troubles, a lawyer got entangled with the propeller, and necessitated our casting anchor at that distance.

Two p.m. The doctor has returned, and, sending for Commissioner Pollard, has informed him that it would be forty-eight hours before he could be certain whether it was the dreaded malady or not, consequently he would give us the choice of going on with the ship, or going off to the quarantine station, and waiting the turn of events. We decided on the latter.

4:30 p.m. I have taken the whole afternoon to get us scrambled out of the Prinz Regent Luitpold into a miniature steamer passenger boat. We are fifty four in number—first, second, and third-class passengers all jammed up together—"suspects," we might be termed, of different nationalities, characters and destinies.

Everybody looks very serious. It does seem to have fallen hardly on some of us. For instance, there are two young gentlemen in the service of the government of the colony, who came on board last night with the pilot to see some of the passengers, and they are caught. Then there is the pilot himself, who I fancy feels the most aggrieved party in the group, because, as he says, "The Captain told me all was clear, or I should not have touched the ship." Then there is one of the richest timber merchants in the country, known, I think, as the "Jarrah King," returning with his daughter, who has been finishing her education in England. Then there is a young lady with her mother and sister coming to marriage, and there is the General and his staff having reckoned on being on the way to the goldfields, and forty others, each in their own estimation equally aggrieved as to the hardships of their case, all on their way in this old steamer to the settlement.

The settlement is known as Woodman's Point, and consists of a piece of sandy ground, part of it covered with a kind of shrub or bush growing about six feet high. On it is a stone building

which would accommodate, I should think, about twenty or twenty-five persons. This is to be reserved for the ladies of the party. The gentlemen are to be accommodated with tents. When we arrived the tents were in the future; indeed, I could not see that any preparation, or only that of the slightest character, had been made for so large a contingent.

However, we found that the Commandant did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. It was a half-holiday in Fremantle, the shops were all closed, but they had found out the private residence of the tradesmen, and got access to the stores, loaded a wagon with tents and furniture, and got permission from the doctor to work in a corner of the ground, and by nine o'clock had got the tents up, and sufficiently furnished to serve for the present need.

But for the circumstances and the feeling that we are wanted so much elsewhere, it would not be altogether a bad spot for a little change. We are in a hollow, separated from the sea beach by a hedge of the bush before referred to. Five minutes' walk away is the house from which we have to fetch such provisions as we can lay our hands upon; a wall divides us from the leper settlement, which for the moment is vacant; on a post outside is written on a piece of paper: "No man is here, and no man shall be, with the sun pouring down his rays out of an absolutely cloudless sky, and tormented with flies as numerous as the sea sand, I am trying to do something to redeem the position of things from the ignominious failure that it seems."

Friday, February 24.

We are as uncertain as ever as to the possibility of any escape from our confinement, if being shut up in this corner of the wild beach, with the open sea before us, can be so called. The heat to-day is very severe, and the flies, if possible, more tormenting than ever. I have tried several expedients, but all seem to be of no avail, and there seems nothing to do but to endure the grievance with all the patience we possibly can.

Dr. Hope, the medical officer, brought over yesterday a sufficient supply of frames, and ordered the young doctor who is amongst the quarantine prisoners to vaccinate the rest of the party, himself amongst the number. If this is done we are to be let off after a stay of ten days, instead of twenty-one. I have declined the operation. My staff are following my example. All the rest of the party, with I think one exception, have submitted, and had the animal disease put into their veins to ward off the human ailment. I cannot make myself believe that the process is a divine institution.

My comrades have built me what in India is called a "pandal," that is, four upright posts roofed and filled in with bushes; but being only very imperfectly constructed, it only partially answers the purpose.

The doctor has not been over to see us to-day, but we are constantly in communication by telephone with the Commandant and other officials with whom we think anything is to be gained in the direction of deliverance. All the information we can glean is that the patient appeared much better this morning. The probabilities of the case turning out to be nothing more than chicken-pox increases. The Commandant came over at night, and had a long talk with me "over the wall." He is much grieved. Still we are not without hope.

Saturday, 25th.

The heat increases, the thermometer registering 128° in the sun. I had to give up trying to work in the afternoon, and felt as though I must be on the eve of an attack of some sort of illness at night.

Dr. Hope has come over in his yacht with a fresh supply of provisions, and more beds for the other party. That does not look as though there was any prospect of immediate deliverance. He is now gone to the island to inspect the patient.

Two o'clock. I hear by telephone that the doctor, since his return to Freemantle, admits that the patient is very much better, and is going to report this fact to the authorities at Perth. If hope be so quickly, as there is just the bare chance of our getting out in time, not only to hold the meetings planned for to-morrow, but to make them known.

Evening. My comrades, in the desire to make the tent more comfortable, have re-constructed by hand, and fixed the Army colors on the top. They look well in the moonlight, but I cannot say that I relish them in that position, moreover, I have not given up the hope of spending the Sabbath elsewhere than as a prisoner at Woodman's Point.

The Commandant has been all the afternoon trying to see the chief medical officer, and about eight o'clock found him, and persuaded him to go to Perth and see the report waiting for him there. On finding that the officer of health had arrived at the decision that the disease was not small-pox after all, the Commandant went off with him to the Colonial Secretary, and got permission for the quarantine to be declared off, and for our leaving on Sunday morning. This was Saturday night at nine o'clock. I at once decided to do the three meetings the next day. Whereupon the Commandant put out the hand, issued bills, burnt colored lights, and created a general commotion to make them known.

Sunday, 26th.

By 8 a.m. the Commandant was at our gate with three conveyances, by 9 a.m. we were at Fremantle, and by 11 a.m. I was in the Town Hall at Perth, declaring "all things are possible" to an audience that nearly filled the building.

My reflections on the incident are: 1. That the quarantine institution is a vexatious infliction on those called to suffer it—a relic of a bygone age, abolished and all but forgotten in the great maritime nations. 2. That it fails to accomplish the object for which it exists. If an individual can have the disease in his system twenty-one days before it declares itself, the only effective method of keeping it out by sea will be to have every person visiting such a country under observation for twenty-one days before allowing them to land, or having landed before being permitted to have any contact with the inhabitants. 3. That where the quarantine usage prevails, men who know small-pox when they see it should be appointed as officers of health, and when any difference of opinion prevails amongst the medical men, as in our case, other independent and competent persons should be designated to decide the question before consigning a large party of people, who have important engagements, to such an experience as our confinement proved to be.

Morning. The congregation, for numbers was a surprise to all my party. Of necessity only a few people know of our being at Perth, and Perth is pre-eminently a city of suburbs. However, the body of the hall was three-parts full. God was very good, and we had eight songs for salvation.

Afternoon. Crowded out, and eleven forward. Evening. The hall could have been filled three times over. God helped me to talk, and I believe numbers were pricked to the heart. Twenty-five surrendered, and there was great rejoicing.

Monday, 27th.

Met the representatives of the two daily papers in Perth at 10 a.m., and endured a species of cross-examination on my doings and purposes, and that of the Army generally, and caught the 11:30 train for Fremantle. I am feeling the heat very much, but hoping to get a little better accustomed to it as the time goes on.

Afternoon. The chief ministers of the city met me at the Town Hall, and gave me a welcome. The meeting was not a very exhilarating affair. Still I hope someone was benefited.

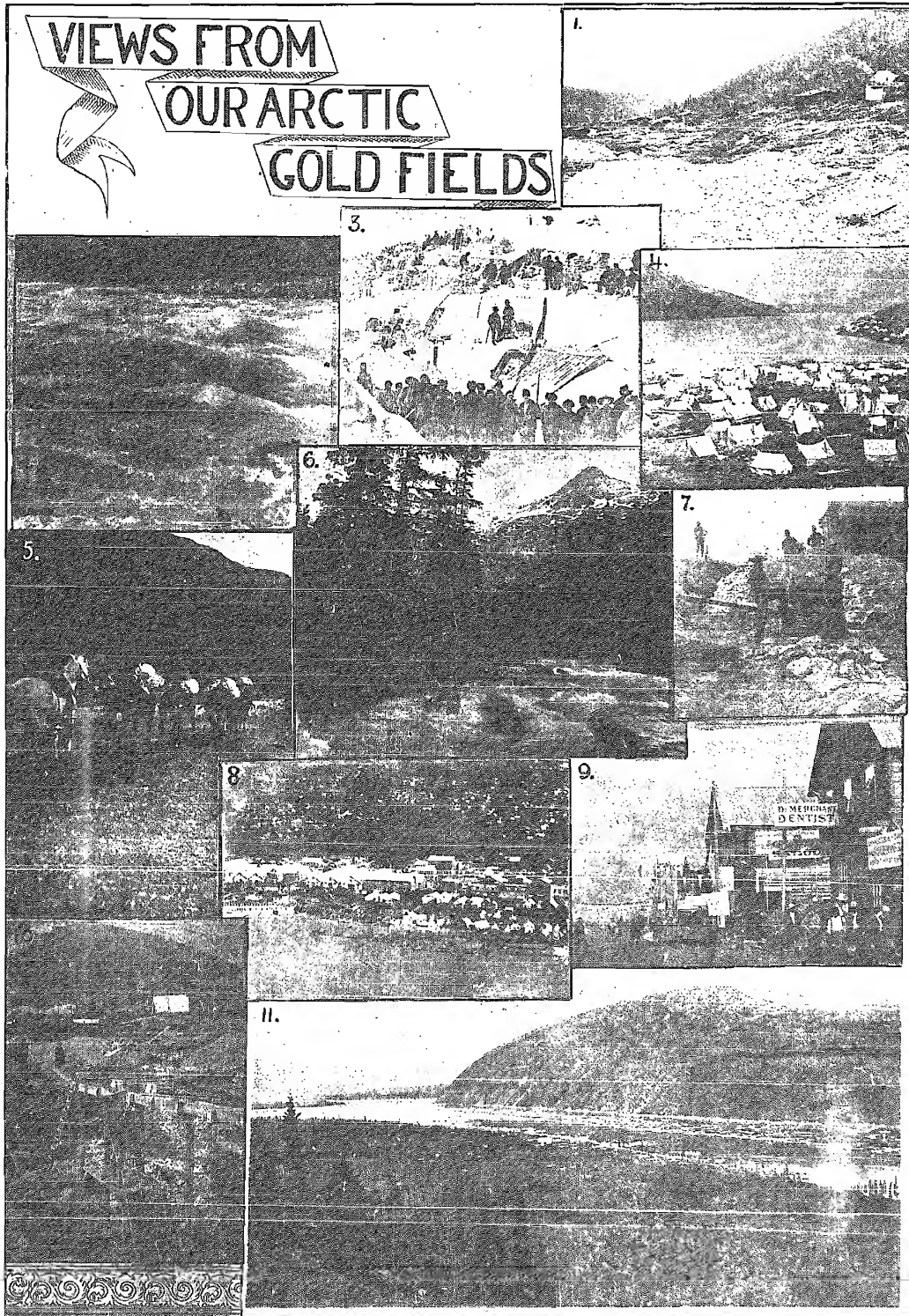
Evening. Town Hall crowded out. Preached with a great deal of liberty to a most attentive audience, and got fifteen to the penitential form. Was very weary myself.

Tuesday, 28th.

Rack to Perth by the 8:30 train. Twelve. Met by invitation the City Council to receive a welcome to the city. The meeting had only been suggested at the council the night before, and the first I heard of it was a paragraph in this effect in the press. In the interval the question was asked through the telephones, whether the General would object to having liquor on the table. "Most certainly," was the reply, consequently the toasts to

(Continued on page 4.)

VIEWS FROM OUR ARCTIC GOLD FIELDS



1.—View of a Creek After Being "Worked Out." 2.—White Horse Rapids. 3.—Summit of Chilkoot Pass, when we passed it June, 1898. 4.—View of Lake Ludeema. 5.—Packing from Summit of Chilkoot Pass. 6.—Scenery Between Canyon City and Sheep Camp. 7.—Cleaning Gold from the north by the "Racking" process. 8.—View of Dawson City from the Yukon River, showing landing and warehouses (1898). 9.—Main St., Dawson City (summer, 1898). 10.—"Stulcing." A process of washing gold out on a large scale. 11.—Dawson City in the Fall (1897).



**BROTHER ANDREW WALSTROME,
OF REVELSTOKE, B.C.**

**Early Struggles—Cabin Boy—Sin—
Marriage—Death—Despair—Can-
ada—Wounded—Salvation.**

I was born of Danish Protestant parents, in 1857, in one of the seaport towns of Denmark. My surroundings were very poor, caused by my father's life of drunkenness. He died when I was one year old, and my mother was compelled to apply to the country for support. At the age of 12, my mother married again, and one year later passed away to meet her Creator. Home now became to me a place of misery. Instead of comfort, as before; and at the age of 14 my stepfather turned me out on the world for not complying with one of his requests. My uncle, who had taken me in, found me a position as cabin boy on a Danish steamer, plying between England and Denmark. Here I was soon initiated into the vices of evil, especially gambling. When 19 years old I returned to the town of my birth, a proper, good gambler, and

A Miserable Wretch Besides.

I was taken to the Cadet school for three years' tuition, and left as Color-Sergeant in the Infantry. I was married at the age of 22. I did not enjoy my dear wife's presence long. Two years later she left me for the Golden City, and I had two dear little ones to take care of. My sister kindly offered to take and adopt my little girl and boy. I was very much in despair and almost tired of life for some time after, endeavoring to live a Christian life, as I had promised the dear one who had gone. I tried in my own strength, making a miserable failure. I soon began to drift. Becoming reckless, I resigned military life and sank deeper into sin, leaving all my friends, even my dear sister who had so kindly cared for my children.

In order to escape punishment from the court of justice, I came to Canada in the early part of 1884. I landed in Quebec, where I found work through the Emigrant Agency as farm laborer some miles out of town. Shortly after I came West to Manitoba, and in order to try and bury my troubles and anxiety, I enlisted as a volunteer under General Volskelley. While in action at Bay St. Paul

I Received Two Severe Wounds.

being shot through the right leg and right shoulder. After a short illness I started to walk again.

During the year 1888 I was attracted one evening by the sound of the Army march. I followed them to their open-air meeting, taking particular interest in their meetings, though I didn't venture to the barracks doors for some time. At last I became so interested that I was a regular attendant, which only brought more condemnation to my soul. I still was going down to ruin, gambling and betting, losing nearly all I had. One night in an Army meeting, after a great deal of pleading, I made my way out to the front.

A Sweet Peace Entered My Soul.

All was right with my Saviour. I was enrolled as a soldier in Selkirk, Man., 1893. During the summer of 1897, through allowing my temper to get the best of me, I lost hold of God, going deep into sin again. Oh, the agony of my life! I tried everything for peace to my soul, but all was in vain. At last, on Christmas night, 1898, I found myself in the Army meeting again, at Revelstoke, B. C., where I started again for heaven. Praise God! I am now enjoying peace in my soul, and I'm going to meet my dear wife in heaven.

"Wonderous truths, and manifold as
wondrous,
God hath written in the stars above:
But not less in the bright flowers about
us
Stands the revelation of His love."

Financial Secretary's Siftings.

The past few weeks have been very eventful in this department, and many changes have taken place, in fact the Department has just been re-organized, and in a future "Your Humble Dust" is responsible to the Commissioner to see that it is made a success. The Auxiliary and the Light Brigade work have also been transferred to this Department. Mrs. Smecton, who has so nobly conducted the latter, takes over another branch of work.

AUXILIARIES.—The General Secretary, who has been responsible for this branch heretofore, has just sent out a nice, neat little plan to each Auxiliary and the new "Pass" has also just been sent. These are very nice, and some of our Auxiliaries have already written telling how much they like them and that they will be pleased to wear the plan to show their connection with the good work of the Army. Others have written very encouraging letters telling us at the same time the blessings they have received through giving of their substance to help to bless others. What a lot is missing this blessing because they don't!

DISTRICT FINANCIAL SPECIALS.—In addition to Adj. Wiseman, who has had the oversight of the Toronto and Hamilton Districts, Ensign Hugh has just taken charge of the same work in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, and Ensign Cummins goes to the B. C. District in the same capacity.



Mackinac Car-Ferry ice-breaker, Going Through Three Feet of Ice.

We welcome you, comrades, and pray for your success. There will be others later on.

TRAVELLING FINANCIAL SPECIALS.—Ensign Perry, of Eastern Province fame, after three years in charge of the work there, goes to the N. W. P., while Ensign Andrews, late of the C. O. P., takes charge of the East, and Ensign Burrows, late of Toronto Shelter, fills the place made vacant by the travelling of Ensign Andrews, and in future will look after Lazarus in the C. O. E. Welcome to our ranks, Ensign. The old title of Provincial Agent has been dropped and the new one of Travelling Financial Special takes its place.

LOCAL AGENTS.—The latest additions to our staff of Local Agents are: Bro. Israel Forsay, New Glasgow, N. S.; Sisters Curtis and Orth, of New Brunswick; Sister Gundersen, Grand Forks, N. D.; Sister Hanson, Hillsboro, N. D.; and Sister Rockeolce, Windsor, Ont. We extend to each a hearty welcome, and pray for their success in their new work, and are believing for many more.

More again.—T. H. C.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

TO those who think of travelling to the
OLD COUNTRY,
we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure direct travel to the Canadian Steamship Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to Messrs. Bannock & A. Temple, Toronto.

Josh Billings' Jottings.

There is a grate menny folks, of good moral karakter, who won't believe enny thing unless they tri it. This kind of informashun alwus kosts more than it iz actually worth.

They won't believe a rattle snail's blight is poison until they tri it. This kind of informashun alwus kosts more than it iz actually worth.

A home that is filled with contrashun, iz the devil's levee.

About the meanest critter there iz now travelling around loose, on the breast of the earth, iz a bashful hypocrite.

The biggest phool in this world balut been born yet; there iz plenty ov time yet.

A man don't alwus grow wize az he grows old, but he alwus grows old az he grows wize.

A petted child iz like a hile that won't come tew a hed.

I hope I shall never have so much reputashun that I shan't feel obliged to be alwus civil.

In munny, interest phollows the principal; in morals, principle often phollows the interest.

Yu will notis one thing—the devil seldom offers to go into partnership with a busy man, but yu will often see him offer few line the lazy man, and furnish all the kapital.

Curiosity had twins—one was Invenshun and the other was Stiek Yure Nose Into Things.

Sum people are good simply because

Wreck and Rescue.

By MAJOR BAUGH.

A WRECK is an awful thing, whether at sea, on the railway, or a human wreck; and a rescue of any kind, from danger and death, and especially from sin and hell, is just as grand and glorious as the wreck is awful.

Not long ago a fine boat was ploughing its way from England to America, but in the darkness of the night they went out of their course, and just off the Cornish coast crashed upon the rocks. The boat that but a few minutes ago was sailing on its way so beautifully, now lies helpless on the rocks. The damage is serious—she begins to fill and sink—the lights go out—the passengers beg to be saved, and weep and pray—the confusion is better imagined than written. I saw afterwards one of the life buoys used by some poor soul; the way it was tied showed how the person who used it had fastened it on anyhow. Just so that it would keep them afloat. They did not stop to ask, "What is the way to the orthodox knot?" And when the person was got to shore, dead or alive, they had cut the cord. A woman, as the boat was sinking, climbed onto the rigging, and held on there, wet, and cold, and hungry, for hours. At last the life boat came out, but was unable to get near the wreck, as the waves were breaking and hissing all round the mast, as if they were gloating over the hundred and odd victims that they had already buried in the wreck below and round about it. Finally a rope was thrown to the woman. She shouted,

"I am Prepared to do Anything You Bid Me."

At a favorable moment the Captain of the life boat shouted "Jump!" And without a second thought the woman sprang from the rigging into the raging waters, was soon hauled safely into the life boat, and was saved.

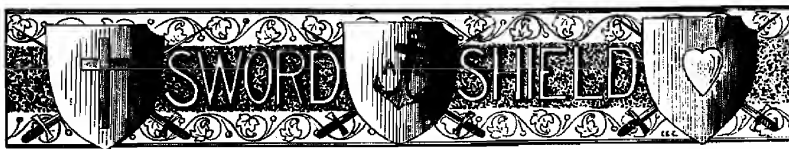
I was in Canada when that sad accident took place at St. George, Ont. A train, running at the rate of about 45 miles an hour was just coming out to that high bridge, when something went wrong with one of the wheels of the engine, which let the engine drop onto the sleepers. Instantly the line was ripped up and one car dropped from the bridge into the valley, sixty feet below. Windows, lamps, seats, and the car were generally wrecked. The dining car came next and one end fell, while the other end was propped up against the bridge. In this car many were getting dinner when the smash came. Many were killed on the spot; others were fastened in amongst tables, seats, stoves, and were all more or less wounded or killed.

In the first car which fell from the bridge was a young lady who, on finding that she was not seriously hurt, at once set to work to rescue those who were hurt, and even pulled off her clothing and made bandages to bind up the wounds of her less fortunate fellow-passengers. This was beautiful of her, but all round us everywhere are those who have become wrecks socially and spiritually, and God has provided a life-boat big enough to save them all. Thousands lie wounded and dying by the wayside to-day. There is, in Jesus, a balm for every wound and bandages enough for every poor broken heart.

Thank God for all who have heard the good news and are saved to-day! Thank God for our Rescue Houses, which have saved thousands from lives of infamy, and are still tolling on! Thank God for every officer and soldier, who is seeking to save the lost! But

The Boat is Going Down.

Thousands are in the grip of the waves of sin. Help! Help! The train has gone over the bridge; thousands are wounded and dying! Help! Help! Help!!! Somebody's father, mother, boy or girl is in need of a rescuing hand! Throw out the life line across the dark waves! Remember there is no reward for being saved, your self merely (for being saved by Jesus), but there is a gracious reward for those who, when saved themselves, set about rescuing others. Now, ask yourself, "How can I help?" Perhaps by giving your voice, or your money, or both. Amen! Give God your answer.



Weekly Watchword:
What You Do, Do Well.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Diligence for Earth and Heaven.—
Luke xv. 8-10.

What infinite trouble people will go to in order to recover earthly treasure! What money is spent to bring back money! What time, anxiety and zeal is put into the effort that means adding to the worldly store! Yet how little interest, thought and pain are spent over making the soul richer in heavenly things! Set store by your spiritual treasures, and if you lose one gem search with all your heart until you find it.

MONDAY.

Diligence in Saving the Lost.—Luke xi. 5-7.

If there was not some diligence expended in the search for the Kingdom's lost sheep, all too many of them would never be led into the fold at all. It costs something to the shepherd to follow, and warn, and bring them. It cost a life and a death to the Good Shepherd of the sheep and Saviour of the world. But it is over such findings that the joy bells of heaven are set ringing.

TUESDAY.

A Diligent Watch.—Heb. xii. 15.
Oh, the necessity of keeping a diligent watch! What strongholds of God have been spoiled, what citadels of triumphant experience vanquished, all because the soul neglected to watch as well as pray! We should not only look out for ourselves, but watch lest others should show sign of stumbling, that we may, if possible, encourage and hold them before they go down.

WEDNESDAY.

Diligent Preaching.—Acts xviii. 25.
Apollous went about his preaching in the right way. Of course he mightily convinced the Jews—"people who go about their preaching as if it were the one business of their life and passion of their heart are bound to make a mark on the mind of those who hear them. It is the bitty-mussy, off-and-on, anything-and-anyhow style that robs Christianity of potency and influence.

THURSDAY.

Diligence in Comfort.—I Tim. i. 17.
Only once in the name of Onesiphorus mentioned, but with only this reference our respect and appreciation is kindled towards him. He took pains to seek out the despised cell of the sufferer of the Cross that he might carry relief and refreshment thence. Would that there were more men to make diligent search after God's children when they are in trouble—there would be less burdens too heavy to be borne, and less heartaches so breaking.

FRIDAY.

Diligence to Know God's Will.—Josh. xxii.

There is all too little diligence even amongst His children, expended on knowing the will of God. Perhaps some are fearful lest to know it more perfectly would mean to do it more perfectly, and they are afraid of some sacrifice which this would involve.

SATURDAY.

Diligence Bound to Bring Home.—Prov. xi. 27.

A man generally gets what he goes after. There are some exceptions, but provided that the whole heart and all the effort is thrown into the search, the object will be found sooner or later. If you make good your mark you will reach it; if you choose evil as your goal you will not be denied it.

Our Weekly Bible Lesson.

John the Baptist.

One of the most remarkable men whose lives are outlined on the sacred page is John the Baptist, the Forerunner of the Messiah. He may be regarded both as the last prophet of the old dispensation and the first of the new. Although the record of him is comparatively scant, and we are given but glimpses of the wonderful character and career of John, yet sufficient light is thrown upon his history to enable us to place him amongst the mightiest men of the ages.

John, as a preacher, was altogether a new style to the people of his age. They had heard of Elijah and the fiery prophets, who had stirred the blood of their forefathers, but their own experience of religious leaders was very different. The chief priests of the synagogue were men who lived in an unchanging atmosphere of conventionality and scrupulous decorum. There is a good deal of evidence to the fact that religion had sunk to a low ebb at this time, and although temples were rich and teachers learned, there was little of definite and devoted heart-reverence for the faith of their fathers.

In such an apathetic age the rising of an enthusiast like John could not but excite wide-spread interest—such self-abnegating zeal and fearless denunciation of wrong amid such selfish ease could not but meet with the end which robbed the world of the Baptist. As a character John had all those traits which go to make up a leader amongst men. He was self-denying in the extreme. His hardy nature and determined will had learnt to do without the luxuries which most men

of his time would have counted necessities. This is an essential qualification of a great moral teacher. The more he can do without, the more leverage he has over the minds and consciences of others. We can hardly imagine anything more simple or economical than the diet of locusts and wild honey, the dress of camel's hair and the homeless abode in the wilderness, which made up the environment of this great man.

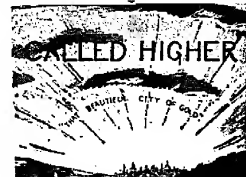
The second strong trait in John's character was the definiteness of his teaching. He denounced sin and declared for righteousness with the decision of a hero, and whoever his auditors, had the courage to give utterance to his convictions. Whether it was the poor sinner who had followed him to hear his wayward sermon, or the Kingly transgressor, clothed in the purple of the Jewish throne, John's message was plain and unconditional, "repent." If there were more men to array the armour of a fearless tongue on the side of goodness, there would be more trembling along the lines of wrong.

John's third strong point was the unworldly selflessness of his preaching. The "never mind me" spirit was never absent from his speech. He never sought to make the impression that he was the centre of his teaching's attraction. All through he tried to make clear to those who followed him that he was but a "voice," a preparer, and that the work he did was but the earnest of One Whose ministry should follow his.

It was at the hands of such a man that our Saviour received the symbol of baptism, the outward sign of His commencing ministry. To only such

a spirit could God have given so great an honor.

More men of the same stamp are what the world wants to-day—daring, desperate, devoted exponents of the cause of the Cross. God send them!



THE GATES OPENED

And Brother Harding Left this Prison of Clay and Entered the Mansion of Light.

Bro. Geo. Harding, of Pike Bay, was promoted to the ranks above on Wednesday, March 10th.

Our comrade was converted about seven years ago in Warton corps, and from that time until his death he remained a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist. Only once in that seven years was he heard to say the fight was so tough he was tempted to give way, but in that hour of great darkness he trusted the promise, "In six troubles I'll be with thee, and in the seventh I will not leave thee," and like all faithful warriors who obey the command of their God, he fought and conquered, and though suffering most intense pain, he would sing continually:

"Oh, for a fallin' that will not shrink."

Just before he passed away he exclaimed to his brother, "Wait, brother until I open the prison door," and with those words his spirit left its house of clay. Both converted and unconverted speak in the highest terms of our dear comrade. His last wish was that he should be buried by the Army, and although it was a long and arduous drive of 25 miles, Ensign Smith and her Secretary went to perform the funeral service. He was buried in full uniform, and at the memorial service which was held at night, the church was crowded, and his dear old mother arose and said, "Although I've been a backslider for a long time, from to-night I'll serve my God."

He leaves to mourn his loss his aged parents, two brothers, and seven sisters. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the community in this their time of sore trial.—Dan McPhee, Sec.

DIED WEARING HER BONNET!

At Her Post that Same Night—A Truly Remarkable Promotion.

A warrior has fallen, and right keenly we feel the loss of one who was even at her post the same night she was promoted. She was at the meeting in apparent good health. On arriving home she rested in a chair; then calling her loved ones to her side, she said, "Good-bye."

I am Going to Glory Now."

and then the warrior's spirit took its flight to the mansion above. Last Thursday was the day set apart for the funeral. We got the loan of a much larger building than our own for the funeral service, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Capt. Sheard conducted the funeral service and also sang, "When the roll is called in heaven." The crowd was completely melted down. Such a meeting I never witnessed before. At the close of the service the entire crowd filed past the casket and viewed for the last time all that remained of the valiant warrior. She wore her full uniform, even the new bonnet which she had only bought ten days before.

She Died in It.

and by special request of her beloved husband, who is not a Christian, was buried in it. Fully four hundred filed past the casket, then those who had been her comrades in life fell in line outside, and through the main street we wound our way. Many, many were the eager eyes strained to catch a last glimpse of one who had died so nobly. Sunday night we held the memorial service and a beautiful crowd was present. Oh, who will fill the gap made by her death? Who will?—Lieut. Jones, for Captain Sheard.

Klondike Nuggets

Ensign Bloss is the one to pick up—he has just completed a man for the Shelter which rears and Shelter and Free Labor!

Last night (Sunday) another crowd congregated in the darkness, to see the Lord and strong! The barracks also very successful.

All back mail just arrived, and through the Post Office and the officials of the latter remarkably well in distribution.

Our Treasurer's (Bro. Bell) convert) cabin on Bear Creek burned down this week with clothes, saving only a little. Says the Lord knows best, a cheerer!

We are going to have a taken for the cinematograph, shall have to have everything full swing.

It has been found that termed "head-rock" contains more gold than the loose. The formation of quartz differ vastly from any other part of the globe.

I guess the dogs will with delight. Poor things!

Last Thursday, going meeting, a man had a result of which he was saved. No trouble to get match or to testify. He awakened in the cold in which we have three weeks to the corps meetings necks, etc.

Coal has been found near

And two splendid cases slain last week.

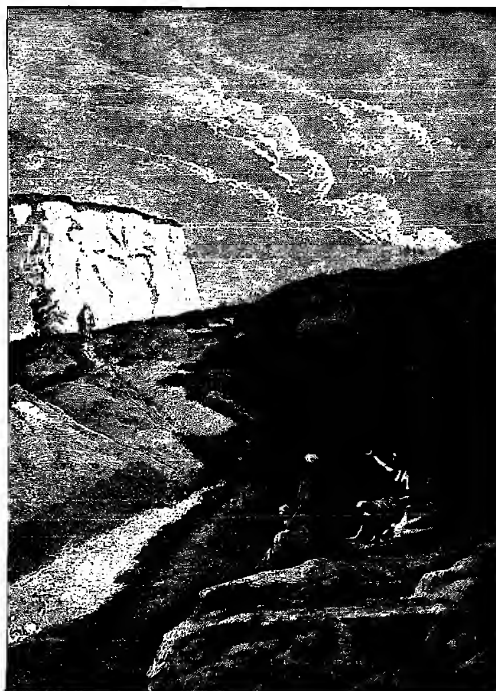
The party as a whole saved and happy.

The Northern Yachis are in as spring approaches, dark season they were not.

Nineteen persons during weeks have been found employment through our Bureau in Dawson.

We still got it 40° and zero, but during mid-day is quite moderate.

A large dance hall has free at our disposal on the on Sunday night. We splendid offer. It was with about four hundred etc., filled the boxes and One gentleman came to the said he would double the over it might be. The amounted to about \$40, waneous and taken up by We had, therefore, two full swing—one there and the barracks.



"John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

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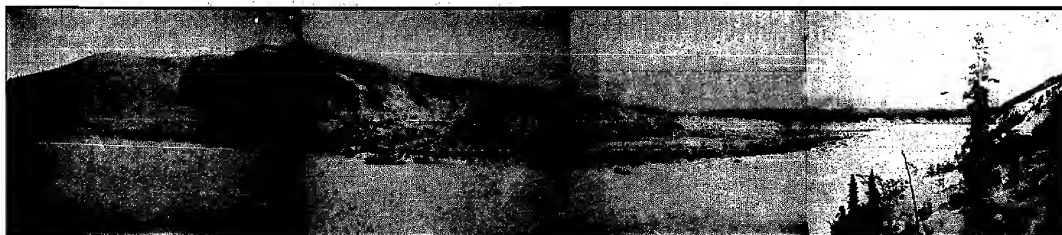
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VIEW OF DAWSON.

Klondike Nuggets.

Ensign Bloss is the one to palat signs
—he has just completed a magnificent
one for the Shelter which reads, "Food
and Shelter and Free Labor Bureau."

Last night (Sunday) another large
crowd congregated in the dance-hall,
loured to us free of charge. Salvation
truths hot and strong! Meetings in
the barracks also very successful.

All back mail just arrived. Thous-
ands through the Post Office every day,
and the officials of the latter are doing
remarkably well in distributing it.

Our Treasurer's (Bro. Bell, our first
convert) cabin on Bear Creek, was
burned down this week with all his
clothes, saving only a little fool. He
says the Lord knows best, and is very
cheerful.

We are going to have our pictures
taken for the cinematograph. We
shall have to have everything going in
full swing.

It has been found that what is
termed "bed-rock" contains much
more gold than the loose gravel, etc.
The formation of quartz seems to
differ vastly from any found in any
other part of the globe.

I guess the dogs will hail spring
with delight. Poor things!

Last Thursday, going from the
meeting, a man and a woman, as a
result of which he got wonderfully
saved. No trouble to get him on the
march or to testify. He was first
awakened in the cabin meetings, of
which we have three weekly, in ad-
dition to the corps meetings in the bar-
racks, etc.

Coal has been found near Dawson.

Had two splendid cases of conver-
sion last week.

The party as a whole are all well
saved and happy.

The Northern Lights are re-appear-
ing as spring approaches. During the
dark season they were not seen.

Nineteen persons during last two
weeks have been found permanent
employment through our Free Labor
Bureau in Dawson.

We still get it 40° and 45° below
zero, but during mid-day the weather
is quite moderate.

A large dance hall has been placed
free at our disposal on the main street
on Sunday night. We accepted the
splendid offer. It was packed to excess
with about four hundred persons. Actors,
etc., filled the boxes and front seats.
Our conference came to the platform and
said he would double the collection, what-
ever it might be. The total offering
amounted to about \$40, which was spon-
sored and taken up by two outsiders.
We had, therefore, two good meetings in
full swing—one there and the other in
the barracks.

F. M.

Gosmopolitan Proverbs.

He that sows well reaps well.

To a good spender God is Treasurer.

Evil is soon done, but slowly mended.

Truth's cloak is often lined with lies.

Shander expires at a good woman's
door.

Good corn is not reaped from a bad
field.

Late repentance is seldom worth
much.

An evil deed has a witness in the
bosom.

Khal words don't wear out the
tongue.

He that sows iniquity shall reap
sorrow.

Speech is the gift of all, but thought
of few.

The early sower never borrows of
the late.

Sow good works and thou shalt reap
gladness.

Hasty speeches commit men to fool-
ish courses.

The other side of the road always
looks cleanest.

Between saying and doing there is a
great distance.

A man's character reaches town be-
fore his person.

He that stays in the valley will never
get over the hill.

He that speaks truth must have one
foot in the stirrup.

The virtue of the Divine Spirit il-
luminates every thing.

A concealed spark is more to be
feared than an open fire.

Sail while the breeze blows; wind
and tide wait for no man.

Wise is he who can take a warning
by the mishaps of others.

Never sit talking till you do not
know what to talk about.

As a vessel is known by the sound
whether it is cracked or not, so men
are proved by their speeches, whether
they are wise or foolish.

Brigadier Complin Conducts a Noon- day Meeting.

Brigadier Complin, assisted by Staff-
Capt. Manton and Capt. Bloss and
Arnold, led a noon-day meeting on Fri-
day last in Christie's Biscuit Factory.

The meeting was of a most interesting
character. The solos by Brigadier Com-
plin and Staff-Capt. Manton, as well as
Capt. Arnold's selections on the violin,
were enjoyed immensely by the em-
ployees who had gathered in large num-
bers.

The Brigadier strongly urged the list-
eners, who from morning till night are
engaged in making the bread which
perishes, to partake of the Bread of
Life.

What know we greater than the soul?
On God, and God-like men, we build
our trust.

Oh, wad some power the giffie gie us,
To see oursel as others see us!
It wad free monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion;

What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e
us,
And e'en devotion. —Barns.



THE FAREWELLING CHANCELLOR OF THE EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC PROVINCE.

Staff-Capt. Rawling is an old officer and has been with Brigadier Ben-
nett in his two last appointments, as Chancellor; previous to it, he was
Assistant Trade Secretary at T. H. Q. Mrs. Rawling came out of Paris,
Ont., a little corps which has furnished quite a number of officers to the
Field. She has had a long and successful career as a Field Officer. Three
children complete the family circle.

Soul-Saving in the Klondike.

Soul-saving in the Klondike is rather
a difficult problem; nevertheless souls
are awakened and saved even here,
and why should it not be so?

I might mention one or two reasons
why it is hard to get men and women
to decide for God up here. The first
and foremost is that the majority of
people come with the intention of
making a fortune, and doing that in a
hurry, therefore leaving out of their
calculation religion altogether.

Another reason is that the devil told
even those who had been professing
Christians that there would be no
churches here, let alone the Salvation
Army, so they left their good clothes
at home, and use this as an excuse.

Then there are the lacksheds.
Someone told us three or four hundred
professing Christians alone left one
city to come here, and naturally we
wondered where they were. We asked
from time to time for them to come
forward out of the crowds in the open-
air during the summer. Thank God
some did come out and stand by the
cause.

We found out later where the
majority were, as from time to time
through the winter they would testify
as to having left their religion on the
"trail" when coming in, and that
through our meetings they had been
led to reconvert themselves to God.
One of the most familiar testimonies
to be heard now is: "Although I may
go back to my wife and friends, etc.,
disappointed, as far as getting gold is
concerned, yet this truth in here is
worth more to me than all the gold in
Klondike, as I am going out a better
man in Christ Jesus."

Then, there actually were the Salva-
tionists, the worst of all, with their uni-
form hidden away in a bag or trunk
and their God denied! But, praise be to
God, those also are coming home and
shouting, "Hallelujah!" of the same
time putting on their uniform.

We have had quite a number of
converts, and we are making some into
soldiers. It is about two of our latest
converts that I wish to give the follow-
ing particulars:

The first of the two came bodily out
to the penitent form on Sunday after-
noon. This man walked ten miles
down from his mine, for no other pur-
pose than to get saved. He had been
so troubled that he could not rest;
but, praise God! he had not been
many minutes at the Master's feet
before rest came to his weary soul,
and he walked back to his mine hun-
dred times the man who comes down
now and then to replenish his stock of
peck and beans or dried apples.

The other is a man who has been
attending church for years, and was
so blinded by doubts that he used to
sneer at the coming Methodists and
shouting Salvationists, but through at-
tending some of our cabin meetings
he was led to see that something more
was needed than what he had and
soon gradually to be drawing out.
Even then he was so filled with his
doubts that it seemed almost impos-
sible for him to believe, no matter how
clear we tried to make it to him. But
on Wednesday night he came in with
smiles on his face, saying how that
God met him on the trail as he was
going home and liberated him. So
clear was his salvation that when he
got home he jumped and shouted and
praised God nearly all night in his
cabin, and is now going to his neigh-
bors' cabins telling them the glad
news. —F. R. B.

GAZETTE.

Promotions and Appointments—

Lieut. Smith, of St. John II., to be Captain at Annapolis.
Cadet Tudge, of the Fredericton Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at North Head.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Our Veteran General.

In this issue we publish, on pages two and four, the General's Journal, in which he personally describes his "quarantine" and the first of his Australian meetings, both of which will be of keen interest to our readers. We are all thankful to God for the General's recovery from his attack of illness which at first seemed serious, but of which no alarming traces are now left. God bless the General in his Australian Campaign! Caution, through the Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth and a tribute of Canadian officers, is in a special sense interested in that Territory.

Brigadier Pugmire's Record.

We are pleased to quote a few of the advances made by the Brigadier during his stay in the East:
Since their appointment the Brigadier has travelled 29,810 miles, had 800 seekers after God in his own gatherings, and conducted nearly 600 meetings.

An increase of 414 soldiers, after making up for all losses.
Four corps added to the Province.
Janitor work improved.
Band of Love organized.
5,500 men kneeling at the penitent forms.
To God be all the glory.

The Siege in the East.

The results of the Siege are most satisfactory indeed. The East has gone over their target in the following points:

Souls, backsliders, notorious sinners and drunkards, soldiers secured. Indoor attendances, knee-drills, carriages, open-air attendances, J. S. companies, J. S. company attendances.

Now, let every officer keep, by organization, the ground won.

Come Over and Help Us!

A reliable exchange says that the following countries can be summarized as follows. This reports a great need:

Korea, population 13,000,000, one missionary to every 104,000.
Morocco, population 6,000,000, chiefly Moslems, about sixty missionaries.

Brazil, population 15,000,000, with only 120 missionaries.

The 100,000 Chinese in America, 90,000 unreached by the Gospel.

Russia in Asia, population 16,000,000, nothing but a debased priesthood.

Algeria, population 4,000,000, chiefly Moslems, about 22 missionaries.

Why is Afghanistan, with its closed doors and 5,000,000 people, in missionary meetings and statistics, invariably left unmentioned?

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS

AT
CORNWALL AND OTTAWA.

CORNWALL.

I had an invitation from Adj. Bradley to visit Cornwall on the occasion of the visit of Lieut.-Colonel Margetts. I gladly took the opportunity of being present at this meeting, having been stationed in this town six years ago.

As the meeting came on it rained very hard, yet at the time announced for the banquet quite a number gathered. The Lieut.-Colonel presided. The meeting was held in the M. E. Church schoolroom. It was a splendid surprise to find that so many had come through the mud and rain. After some preliminary introductions, etc., the Lieut.-Colonel took hold and was received with most hearty applause. He treated his audience to a splendid address, entitled, "The dear old Flag," which had a rattling chorus, "Bally round the standard." It was taken up well. This was followed with a most interesting address, the Lieut.-Colonel clearly showing his hearers how tenderly impossible it was for us to enter heaven with the least trace of sin upon our garments. The speaker had great liberty and feeling, and held the crowd till the last. The meeting closed with prayer by the Pastor of the Church and the singing of the doxology.

OTTAWA.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts had been announced fully a month in meetings, papers, bills and window-cards in the Imperial City, and our expectations ran high for one of the best of times. Saturday night the Colonel was given a welcome by the corps. The program was varied and pleasing. Sergt.-Major Webber read a "batty" welcome, which in well-chosen words expressed our pleasure in having the Colonel in our midst. The song of welcome, composed and sung by Mrs. Smalley, was very appropriate. Then came the attention of the evening, the address. It was listened to with rapid attention, and deep conviction rested upon the people. The meeting closed and the soldiers had good faith for a high time on Sunday.

Sunday, 11 a.m.—Previous to the Bible reading, a beautiful solo was sung, which brought a sweet influence over the meeting, with the chorus—"I'll follow the Saviour by day and by night, I'll follow the Saviour, He leadeth aright."

The Colonel read from Genesis and spoke beautifully on Abraham. All felt it good to be there. Between the morning and afternoon meeting a poor drunkard was saved.

The J. S. company came in for a visit from the Territorial Secretary at 2:30, while the Seniors' open-air was going on.

The afternoon meeting went with a swing. We had by this time got very fond of the song, "The dear old Flag," and the Colonel was requested to sing it again. We next found ourselves listening to the "two-fold astonishment" address. This must have aroused many a soul that had left the Fountain of Living Waters.

At night we commenced inside at eight. The power of God was felt in a wonderful way from the very beginning; divine music seemed to rest upon everything that was done, especially was this so in the Colonel's talk. Every word was listened to with deepest interest. God's word did not return unto Him void, for SEVEN precious souls were soon seen at the Cross. It was a blessed finish, God has the glory.

What shall I say of Monday night? There was a Hallelujah Wedding announced; Bandsman Langford and Sister Gilbert were the contracting parties, and they did their part well, so everybody says, and the people of Ottawa who came to the wedding supper did well also, and helped us to raise \$40.

Some good advice was given to the bride and the bridegroom by the Colonel and others, and thus ended one of the happiest, and most blessed three days' campaigns that it has been my privilege to have for a long time.—Adj. Goodwin.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin
AT OLD NO. 1.

SUNDAY EVENING WE HAD THE P. O'S WITH US. GOOD TIMES, ATTENTIVE CROWDS INSIDE AND OUT. THEIR VISIT MUCH BLESSED, AND GREATLY APPRECIATED.

Good-Bye to the East.

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire Farewell from St. John, N.B.

Tuesday, April 11th, was announced as the usual farewell meeting of our beloved Provincial Officers. A large crowd assembled in the Charlotte St. barracks, the platform was packed with soldiers, and we mustered 75 strong in the open-air. A number of D. O's were in to bid farewell to their leaders whom they had learned to love and esteem. Adj. Byers opened the meeting. Rev. Mr. Payson, a warm friend of the Brigadier's, who had come from Fredericton to be present at this meeting, led in prayer. Ensign Turpin read an address on behalf of the officers and soldiers of the Province. Adj. Kerr then came forward with another address written by the J. S. Sergt. Major on behalf of the St. John I. Juniors, which she presented to the Brigadier. Adj. McLean, of Fredericton, had a message from each D. O. in the Province, which he read publicly, at the same time presenting the Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire with a large frame containing the photo of every District Officer in the Province.

The Brigadier then gave us some statistics of the work during his command, also mentioned the great success the Siege had been. After making up for all losses, the Province stands over 400 soldiers better than it did two years ago; the J. S. work has been coming up by leaps and bounds, revivals have broken out in different parts of the Province, and altogether the work of the Salvation Army in the Province is in a very satisfactory condition.

Little Myrtle sang very nicely, also Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire and Ernest sang together. "Only to know that the path I tread is the path marked out for me."

Mrs. Pugmire's words of farewell touched the hearts of those present, and the Brigadier spoke with power and earnestness from three words, "It is finished," and three men knelt at the Mercy Seat seeking pardon of their sins.

The meeting finished up with Capt. McElheney carrying the Brigadier shoulder high around the barracks.

Many were the expressions of regret at the farewell of our leaders, who are loved very much throughout the length and breadth of the Province. Their faithfulness, earnestness, self-sacrifice, devotion and loyalty to the Flag will stand out forever as an example to us, and urge us on to do greater things for God and the Army. May the rich and abundant blessings of God be with them continually, be the prayer of every officer, soldier, and friend in this part of the battlefield.—Red Riding Hood.

The General's Campaign.

Latest Cable from Australia.

General's Birthday Celebrations in Sydney. Unique address presented by the Commandant. Lieut.-Governor presided. General lunched by invitation with the Cabinet. Premier moved vote of thanks to the General for benefits to Colony. A tornado of joy greets the General's return to Australia. Town Hall crowded for the Reception; five indescribable Salvation meetings; three hundred and seventy penitents! Councils of Field and Staff Officers filled the General with emotion. Brisbane campaign booming. General bears up remarkably.

COMMISSIONER POLLARD.

COMING EVENTS.

TERRITORIAL SECRETARY'S TOUR.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS

will conduct special meetings at

Montreal II., Sunday, May 7.
Sherbrooke, Monday, May 8.
Fredericton, Tues. and Wed., May 9, 10.
St. John I., N. B., Thursday, May 11.
Carleton, Friday, May 12.
St. John II., Saturday, May 13.
St. John III., Sunday, May 14.
St. John I. (united), Monday, May 15.
Fairville, Tuesday, May 16.
Springhill, Wednesday, May 17.
New Glasgow, Thursday, May 18.
Moncton, Friday, May 19.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ADJ. WISEMAN.

Toronto, April 27 to May 3.

ENSIGN PUGH.

Montreal, Thurs., April 27, to Wed., May 3.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.

Vancouver, Thurs., April 27, to Wed., May 3.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Kilmount, Thursday, April 27.
Penelon Falls, Fri., Sat. and Sun., April 28, 29, 30.
Colborne, Monday, May 1.
Cunnington, Tuesday, May 2.
Exbridge, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSIGN COLLIER, W. O. P.

Forest, Thursday, April 27.
Martinsville, Friday, April 28.
Trotula, Sat. and Sun., April 29, 30.
Glen Rea, Monday, May 1.
Wyoming, Tuesday, May 2.
Watford, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Amplior, Thurs. and Fri., April 27, 28.
Perth, Sat. and Sun., April 29, 30.
Kington, Monday, May 1.
Odessa, Tuesday, May 2.
Napanea, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSIGN PERRY, N. W. P.

Minot, Thursday, April 27.
Devil's Lake, Fri., Sat. and Sun., April 28, 29, 30.
Lafayette, Mon. and Tues., May 1, 2.
Hannah, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSIGN ANDREWS, E. P.

St. John I., Thursday, April 27.
St. John V., Friday, April 28.
Fairville, Saturday, April 29.
St. John V., Sunday, April 30.
Sussex, Monday, May 1.
Hillsboro, Tuesday, May 2.
Albert, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.

Craibrook, Thursday, April 27.
Wardner, Friday, April 28.
Ferne, Sat. and Sun., April 29, 30.
Kootenai Landing, Tuesday, May 2.
Kaslo, Wednesday, May 3.



tain, and that is, that the sufficient material for even What a life, my com the men and women ar kindness and tender merc Times without num my deliverance. The pillar of cloud l by night.

The calamities whic The evils that have l work together for my go

The Everlasting Ar been kept in the hollow Surely seventy year control are worthy of my

When I look back o see? Come and join m for are not your lives, To begin with—

There is the merc changed my heart in the

There are the trials fully fitted me for my at

There is the gift of tion. Think of her sal ness; her beautiful mot her faithfulness unto de then I go on with my s

For the remarkable paigns, and the friends

For leading my feo don—the birthplace of

For the struggles, days of our history, w were really training us

For my precious capable, and devoted, ar tion war, for so long a

For the fourteen t given themselves, body the saving of men.

For the great and who, with growing in the Blood-and-Fire Pl

For the noble arm and fiery zeal, are to dying—at the battle's

For the open doo forty-six different cou For the munificer

outside our ranks, som while others are still re For the hundreds re

by the power of God washed multitude bef ing on to meet them

For all the help used of God to rende number of agencies, methods, that have b ample of the Army.

For the remarka Darkest England Sch lously adapted for a successful in effecting the both to Christian and

For the rescue a from the desolation a woe that so often fol For the delivera

debasing, hopeless be For the men wh bling, fornication, and who are now tender neighbors, and, gener

COMING EVENTS

TERRITORIAL SECRETARY'S TOUR.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS

will conduct special meetings at

Montreal IL, Sunday, May 7.
Sherbrooke, Monday, May 8.
Fredericton, Tues. and Wed., May 9, 10.
St. John I. N. B., Thursday, May 11.
Carleton, Friday, May 12.
St. John IL, Saturday, May 13.
St. John III., Sunday, May 14.
St. John I. (united), Monday, May 15.
Fairville, Tuesday, May 16.
Springhill, Wednesday, May 17.
New Glasgow, Thursday, May 18.
Moncton, Friday, May 19.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ADJT. WISEMAN.

Toronto, April 27 to May 3.

ENSIGN PUGH.

Montreal, Thurs., April 27, to Wed., May 3.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.

Vancouver, Thurs., April 27, to Wed., May 3.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Kilmount, Thursday, April 27.
Penelon Falls, Fri., Sat. and Sun., April 28, 29, 30.

Coburn, Monday, May 1.

Cannington, Tuesday, May 2.

Uxbridge, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSIGN COLLIER, W. O. P.

Forest, Thursday, April 27.

Marthville, Friday, April 28.

Petrolia, Sat. and Sun., April 29, 30.

Glen Ron, Monday, May 1.

Wyoming, Tuesday, May 2.

Watford, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Arnprior, Thurs. and Fri., April 27, 28.

Perth, Sat. and Sun., April 29, 30.

Kingston, Monday, May 1.

Odessa, Tuesday, May 2.

Napue, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSIGN PERRY, N. W. P.

Minot, Thursday, April 27.

Devil's Lake, Fri., Sat. and Sun., April 28, 29, 30.

Larimore, Mon. and Tues., May 1, 2.

Hannah, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSIGN ANDREWS, E. P.

St. John I., Thursday, April 27.

St. John V., Friday, April 28.

Fairville, Saturday, April 29.

St. John V., Sunday, April 30.

Sussex, Monday, May 1.

Hillsboro, Tuesday, May 2.

Albert, Wednesday, May 3.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.

Cranbrook, Thursday, April 27.

Wardner, Friday, April 28.

Fortie, Sat. and Sun., April 29, 30.

Kootenai Landing, Tuesday, May 2.

Kaslo, Wednesday, May 3.

's Campaign.

from Australia.

operations in Sydney. Unique
mmandant. Lieut.-Governor
invitation with the Cabinet.
to the General for benefits to
greet the General's return to
ded for the Reception; five
ys; three hundred and seventy
Staff Officers filled the
isbane campaign booming.

COMMISSIONER POLLARD.

The General's Birthday Letter.



Y DEAR COMRADES,—

On the 10th of April, by Divine permission, I completed the ordinary term of human existence—three score years and ten. Whether it be or be not the good pleasure of my Heavenly Father that I should travel further along the path of earthly life, is hidden from me; but of one thing I am certain, and that is, that the review of the years already gone by affords sufficient material for everlasting praise.

What a life, my comrades, mine has been! The angels above and the men and women around me below have been witnesses to the loving kindness and tender mercy with which it has been crowded.

Times without number His almighty power has been put forth for my deliverance.

The pillar of cloud has been my guide by day, and the pillar of fire by night.

The calamities which I have most feared have never happened. The evils that have been allowed to overtake me have been made to work together for my good.

The Everlasting Arms have been round about me, and my soul has been kept in the hollow of His hand.

Surely seventy years of such amazing love, and compassion, and control are worthy of my heart's longest, loudest, everlasting praise?

When I look back over those years of love and leading, what do I see? Come and join me, comrades, in the retrospect. It interests you, for are not *your* lives, in a mysterious manner, bound up with *mine*? To begin with—

There is the mercy that stopped my journey down to hell, and changed my heart in the days of my youth.

There are the trials and hardships of my early life that so wonderfully fitted me for my after battlings amongst the poor.

There is the gift of my precious wife—a boon beyond all estimation. Think of her saintly life; her heroic ministry; her great usefulness; her beautiful motherhood; the support supplied in her sufferings; her faithfulness unto death; her triumphant promotion to Heaven; and then I go on with my song of thanksgiving—

For the remarkable success vouchsafed to my early preaching campaigns, and the friends they made me for my Army work in after years.

For leading my feet in so mysterious a manner to the East of London—the birthplace of our beloved Army.

For the struggles, and poverty, and disappointments of the opening days of our history, which, though at times almost beyond endurance, were really training us for the mighty victories that followed.

For my precious children and their partners in life, and for all the capable, and devoted, and untiring service they have rendered to the salvation war, for so long a period, in so many different parts of the world.

For the fourteen thousand brave, self-sacrificing officers, who have given themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to the following of Christ and the saving of men.

For the great and increasing multitudes of local officers and soldiers who, with growing intelligence and success, are fighting to-day under the Blood-and-Fire Flag.

For the noble army of pure, heroic women, who, with loving hearts and fiery zeal, are to be found the world over, fighting, suffering—nay, dying—at the battle's front.

For the open doors that have been so marvellously set before us in forty-six different countries.

For the munificent financial help rendered by so many dear friends outside our ranks, some of whom are already reaping their reward on high, while others are still reaching out their generous hands towards us below.

For the hundreds of thousands of souls rescued from sin and hell by the power of God through the agency of the Army.

For the goodly number of these who have already joined the blood-washed multitude before the throne, and for the crowds who are journeying on to meet them from almost every land.

For all the help, instruction, and inspiration the Army has been used of God to render to other religious organizations, and for the vast number of agencies, professing the same objects and using similar methods, that have been called into existence by the influence and example of the Army.

For the remarkable Social undertaking which, beginning with the Darkest England Scheme, has, as an enterprise, proved itself so marvelously adapted for ameliorating human misery, and so gloriously successful in effecting that object as to become a praise in the whole earth, both to Christian and to non-Christian men.

For the rescue already effected of thirty thousand poor lost women from the desolation and darkness that must ever attend, and the endless woe that so often follows, lives of profligacy and shame.

For the deliverance of many hundreds of criminals from the weary, debasing, hopeless bondage of prison life.

For the men whom Satan had transformed, by drunkenness, gambling, fornication, and other forms of vice, into cruel and torturing fiends, who are now tender husbands, loving fathers, good workmen, excellent neighbors, and, generally speaking, true lovers of mankind.

For the thousands of homes, that were not so long ago little hells, but which are now miniature heavens.

For the myriads of children who, delivered from a future of certain debauchery and destruction, are now being trained for soldiers of Christ.

For the turning towards us of the hearts of so many of those filling positions of authority and power in the world, and for the hopeful beginnings made by the governments in the direction of subsidising the work.

For the remarkable organization of the Army, with its Christ-like objects and its Divine system of discipline, order, unity and self-management, and for its extraordinary success.

For the magnificent confidence with which the movement looks into the future, evidenced by the glorious Century Scheme, and the promise thereby given that the Army is going to do its share, at least, in redeeming the coming age from the domination of hell.

For the pure, beautiful affection the Army entertains, through every rank and in every part of the world, for its General, and the unchanging trust it reposes in him, increasing, as it does, from year to year.

For all these sovereign, undeserved mercies, too numerous to be calculated by any human arithmetic, too heavy to be weighed by any earthly balances, too high and too deep to be reckoned up by any known measuring line, I want to praise and magnify the Lord on my seventieth natal day.

For the beautiful spirit of love to Christ and of compassion for the lost and wretched everywhere growing and deepening throughout our ranks.

For the rapidly-rising army of young people, with their glad enthusiasm for the war, and for the growing host of Naval and Military Leaguers, contending so bravely against such terrible odds all over the world.

For the vast and ever-swelling volume of music and song that has been called forth, and which is echoing round the world urging men everywhere to the whole-hearted service of Jehovah.

For our literature, with its twenty-seven different "War Crys" printed in sixteen different languages, and all the host of kindred publications, together with all the dear toilers who work that mighty engine, the press, together with the crowd of self-denying workers who have contributed so largely in raising the circulation to the remarkable total of fifty millions a year.

For all the agencies dealing with property, and finance, and trade, and law, and education, and accountancy, and a vast number of kindred institutions, and for all the self-denying men and women who work day and night, often largely out of sight, in making them the success they have become.

In this beautiful, blessed task of thanksgiving I ask my comrades all round the world to join; nay, I would that the holy and good of every religious name should assist me. But higher still my ambitions rise. Come, oh ye holy inhabitants of the skies, bring your celestial music, and with your loud-sounding, harmonious voices help me to magnify the Saviour of my soul, the Redeemer of mankind, the God of my salvation, for all the loving-kindness lavished so fully on one so unworthy of the least of all His mercies!

And now, my dear Lord, in the language of one of Thy servants of old, I would enquire, "What shall I render Thee in return for all these benefits?" And with him I would respond, verily, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

Yes, I will drink afresh of the Water of Life and Purity, and Peace, and Power, and Sacrifice, and then I will pass it on!

Yes, I will pass it on more freely than ever before to the sons and daughters of despair, the slaves of vice, the degraded drunkards, the gamblers, the ignorant, the helpless, the prisoners, the sick, the dying.

Yes, I will pass it on to the less-favored nations of the earth—to the people who still "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," to the un-reached millions of Africa, and India, and China, and the islands of the distant seas.

Yes, I will pass it on. And you, my comrades, will join with me. Of course you will; and so, in the future as in the past,

WE WILL PASS IT ON TOGETHER!

There shall be more believing; there shall be more love; there shall be more devotion; there shall be more intelligence; there shall be more self-denial. I call upon myself for more; I call upon my officers for more; I call upon my soldiers for more; I call upon my friends for more—more prayer, more personal dealing, more desperate effort, more generous giving. And then, verily, there shall be more honor for our Lord, more response to His Cross, more souls at His feet.

Yes, more souls—many more souls—many, many, many more souls! And this will signify more soldiers, and more fighting, and more victory; and so the reason for thanksgiving shall increase, and the songs and the shoutings shall go on echoing and re-echoing, all alike sounding forth the praises of Jehovah for His unspeakable goodness—to me, to you, to us all, to the poor world we love—all through the countless ages of eternity. And believe me, for the prosecution of the War to the uttermost,

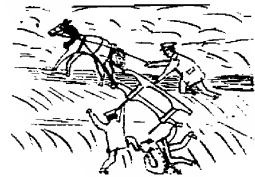
Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

Brigadier Sharp's Unique Travels.

Three Kinds of Teams—Some Accidents—A Wise Goat—Seventy-Seven Soldiers Enrolled—A Boiling Time.

Brigadier Sharp and the writer left St. Johns by the 8:30 train for a trip around the Caribou and Harbor Grace Districts. We arrived at Caribou at 2:30. Adj. Newman and two Sergeants were waiting to drive us to Heart's Delight. After a cup of tea we set out on the journey of fifteen miles. It was raining hard when we started, but it soon turned into sleet. After we got a mile on our journey, our sled turned over, leaving Brigadier and your humble servant on the flat of our backs with our legs sticking up in the air. No broken bones, no damage done. Heart's Delight was reached in time for meeting. A good crowd had gathered and a powerful meeting was soon in progress. Brigadier dealt out some splendid truths. Next morning a census meeting was held, plans laid for the furtherance of the work and the Local Officers pledged to carry them out.



Brigadier Sharp's Experience with a Horse and Sled.

We then left for Heart's Content, a distance of nine miles. After we had gone a few miles on our journey, we noticed a man coming across the road through the woods with a horse and a large load of wood upon the sled. As we were passing we looked through the woods and seeing that his wood had got entangled with some trees, it was suggested that we should go down and give him a helping hand. As we were leading the sled grounds were heard, the man could not control the sled coming down the hill, and he had slipped and fallen. The sled was stuck on his back and his breast was against a stump of a tree, so that he was fastened there. He knew someone was passing so tried hard to shout, but could do no more than groan. It would have been impossible for him to have lived long in that condition so it was only by the Providence of God that the man was rescued. He is unsaved. We pray that this warning may be the means of salvation to him. Later on when our horse was at full gallop down a hill, the shafts came off. Adj. Newman, seeing the danger, threw himself off on his back with his legs pointing heavenward and slid a number of yards until he was brought up by a tree, to the amusement of the two spectators. No damage was done, bless God! Heart's Content was reached about 2 o'clock. We had dinner, and a soldiers' meeting at 3; it was an inspiring time. (This corps has just been re-opened.) In the night's meeting the Brigadier enrolled four soldiers. The prospects are bright. Capt. Greenland is taking hold in great style.



The Brigadier Tries a Team of Dogs.

Next morning we drove on to Scilly Cove. A soldiers' meeting in the afternoon. This was a blessed time and lifted the comrades' faith and cheered their hearts. The night's meeting was a crowning time, when three souls rushed to the Mercy Seat.

The following morning we left for Ham's Harbor. A Sergeant came with a couple of dogs and a cat (sled) to give us a lift on the way. So the Brigadier had the pleasure of driving a couple of dogs in new experience

for him). They kept ahead of the horse across the ponds and did good service.

The night's meeting at Ham's Harbor was a soul-stirring time; eight soldiers were enrolled. The comrades worked like Trojans. We had the joy of seeing five souls at the Mercy Seat. At next morning's census meeting plans were made for the improvement of the work, new barracks, etc. Afternoon meeting, five souls forward for the blessing. Night's meeting was a devil-defeating time, testimonies were inspiring. One man who is 82 years old, giving his testimony, said, "I thank God I be joined the noisy crew, and I be going to get the noisy crew par." He seemed very happy. Four came forward for salvation; one man was not long at the penitent form before he was up, and he felt so happy that he rushed to the back of the hall, and then to the front and on the platform. The comrades remarked that old times were coming back again. God grant that they shall stay. Two Juniors in the corps have been saved seven and five years, and are becoming Junior Cadets. God bless the Juniors!

We left for Old Perlican in the morning. The Brigadier was anxious to have a goat's sled (as there are some fine goats there), so Adj. Newman arranged for one of the Sergeants to get one and drive him. We started with three horses and a goat; the goat ran well with the Brigadier until he arrived at a hill, when he turned round and looked at the Brigadier, as much as to say, "You must get off now and walk." He decided to send the



Finally Hitches His Sleigh to a Goat, but the Beast Objects to Hills.

goat home and went on the horse, a distance of eighteen miles. We stopped on the road and lit a fire and made some coffee and partook of a lunch. At Old Perlican we enrolled four soldiers. The Sunday meetings were splendid. (Great crowds, two out for full salvation in the morning. At night we found it difficult to give people a seat, and had to get unsaved men and women on the platform. Brigadier launched out and hit right and left with the truths of God, and one soul found pardon.)

When we left on Monday morning a heavy sleet had fallen during the night, therefore the roads were like glass. We did not get far on our journey before the sled slid down towards the precipice. Adj. Newman and the writer rolling down the precipice, but there happened to be some stumps of trees in the road which saved us from going any further. All the way along it was dangerous. The storm was fierce when we started, but abated after we were a few miles on our journey.

Western Bay was reached. This place has just been re-opened. Capt. Bishop has the whole place in a stir; there is a moving among the dry bones. The meeting was held in a store. Crowds had to be turned away, although five cents admission was charged at the door. How can I describe the meeting? The comrades were full of holy awe and the Brigadier had the joy of

Enrolling Twenty

of the right stump. There were others to be enrolled who were not present owing to the weather. Arrangements for building are being made.

Caribou, the District Headquarters was reached the next day. The sled once took charge coming down a hill and left the Brigadier stretched out on the ice.

A great crowd of soldiers had gathered at 2:30 in the barracks, and were full of faith for a blessed time, and thank God they were not disappointed. God drew near, our hearts were melted

down, fourteen came forward and gave themselves afresh to God. At night

Twenty-one were Enrolled.

and one soul found mercy. This is the best corps in the Caribou District, and a glorious victory can be reported for the trip. This is the total visible result: 15 Candidates (Junior and Senior), 57 soldiers enrolled, and 43 forward to the Mercy Seat. Praise the Lord! The comrades are eager to get their quarters and barracks completed or renovated, and in most corps are busy at it. By the time this comes in print no doubt all will be working at the same. There is also a great demand for uniform. Although the Adj. took six bonnets with him, he could have sold more.

We left the District delighted with the spirit of earnestness, loyalty, devotion, and Salvation Armyism that was manifested throughout. The officers more than ever impressed us that they were God's and the Army's property, bent on laying hold of every opportunity, and doing their utmost to have an all round increase. God abundantly bless them.

After a four-mile walk Harbor Grace is reached. Ensign Rogers has led these comrades on to some glorious victories—sinners have been saved, backsliders reclaimed, and in every branch God is wonderfully blessing them. The Junior companies and Bands of Love the Ensign speaks of in glowing terms. Interest is up to it pitch. Where will it get if it continues?

Soup Kitchen.

The soup kitchen was started six weeks ago, and fifty families are being relieved daily. The Government is kindly assisting. The day we arrived the Ensign had secured 10 gallons of soup. This institution has been needed for many years.

In the afternoon meeting the Brigadier threw himself with fervency into his talk, and what with inspired choruses there prevailed a beautiful spirit. Ten souls came and laid their all on the altar. The night meeting was enjoyed by all; six soldiers were enrolled, four Candidates secured, and one soul sought pardon at the Cross.

Bay Roberts was visited the following day. The afternoon meeting was one of power. Dancing, singing and shouting—they hardly knew how to express their joy. When the Brigadier drew in the net seven came forward for sanctification.

The night's meeting is indescribable. Fourteen comrades stood up to be enrolled. The Brigadier, after having waxed very eloquent about the Flag and the good old Army, etc., got all the comrades to take hold of the Flag and staff and sing, "Under the Union Flag," etc. They sang heartily and danced it out; doing so they snapped the flag-staff. It is good to be here.

The next morning the train took us back to Headquarters.

The W. O. P. O.'s Easter Holidays.

Galt, Berlin and Hespeler Visited.

"Now's the time," says the Major. "Excursion rates are on, and we can do a trip and be a blessing without burdening the corps with heavy travelling expenses."

So Thursday evening we started for Galt, arriving in good time for the march and meeting. A nice crowd was there and evidently came to enjoy the meeting. After some bright testimonies the Galt band gave us some splendid selections on their stringed instruments, which they play as efficiently as the brass. This was much appreciated by all present, and everybody felt the better for being at the meeting. We are believing for greater things at Galt.

Next morning we took the car to Hespeler, called on Capt. Sloe, whom we took by surprise, and Mrs. Sloe being away; he hardly knew what to do with us. He soon recovered, however, and got us some dinner, and with the assistance of a good cup of black tea, fixed us up for the rest of our journey. After doing a little business the Captain showed us over the nice little house he had secured for a quarters at a nominal rent. It was

one of the neatest little quarters I had seen, a splendid cellar underneath, with a supply of wood enough to last till Fall, only requiring to be cut and hauled. After congratulating the Captain for his enterprise and good management, we took the train for Berlin. Stopping at Guelph to change cars, we took a run up to see Ensign Ottawa, old five minutes' business, got back and caught the train to Berlin. Arriving there we were met by Bro. Simpson, an Army friend, who conducted us to the afternoon meeting. We were met with an enthusiastic firing of volleys.



REV. J. S. SCOTT, HESPELER.

Who loaned his church recently to the S. A. for a Social Meeting.

We had a good time together and went away with our appetites whetted up for the night meeting. Night came, and so did the comrades. Off we marched to the open-air, a big crowd listening to the songs and testimonies with great interest. When we got to the barracks we found a nice crowd inside. The band gave us some music seeing it had only a little while before been organized by Ensign McKenzie and did well for the short time they had been learning. We are expecting to hear great things from this brave little band and corps. The people enjoyed the meeting very much, and though no one came forward, we believe good was done.

Next morning the Major started for Toronto between 5 and 6 a.m., to do some business before coming back to Guelph for the week-end. Brother Simpson told me on the 7 p. m. that what with slippery sidewalks and the semi-darkness that morning the Major struck some ludicrous attitudes, but as it was too early for anybody to be around we'll say no more about it.

At night we had a rousing open-air, marched back to the barracks, and just as we got nicely started in came the Major, rather tired in the work, but not of it, and after some brilliant, crisp testimonies the Major gave us the assurance that what he lacked in strength that night he would, by the help of God, make up for the next day, Easter Sunday. And so he did. God helped him wonderfully. We had a splendid holiness meeting, the Major talking for the text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" God's Spirit had free course and souls were blessed.

In the afternoon the Major spoke on his recent trip to New York, giving us some facts and figures of the work done and the appreciation of it by the most eminent men of the United States, including their President. The people gave a good collection, in fact the best one given for a long time, the soldiers settling a good example by giving liberally, especially Rev. Formie who, being saved from a life of drink and sin, knows how to show his appreciation of the cause that lifted him up.

The night meeting was the crowning time of all. When the invitation was given a backslider came forward, also Treas. Smith's little boy, and after faithful holding on to God by the soldiers who stood to their guns in a brave and commendable way, the two seekers rose from their knees and testified to the saving power of God.

Next day we started for Hespeler; had a rousing open-air, the crowd taking it all in, for they love the Army in Hespeler and don't forget to show it in a practical way. When we got to the barracks (which is the Town Hall, kindly loaned us for a mere trifle) we found it pretty well filled. The testimonies were served up short, sharp, sweet and right to the point, with no waltz waltzes, in fact we couldn't stop them when we wished to, as one



Ensign Sims.

or two were bound to God's glory. Then about the greatest formed.

We had to hurry to catch the car to do business till 10 morning, and getting rest, and catching the train to London back to en response, etc., we realized that Easter profitably spent, both the blessing of other new hat or eating Easter

Saved to the

Saved to the little Freed from all Cleansed by the Made pure with Jesus in mercy Made me His Great and abundant Me hath He said

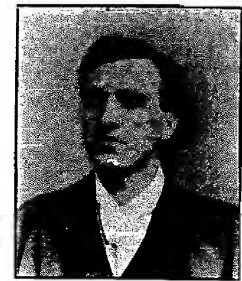
No more will I From His Father In me abide Harm cannot come I fear no ill, For Jesus, my S Abides with me Ever by Jesus' lo

Keep day by By power of Ill Never to stray No other Friend None other use Jesus alone now My Friend I

Oh, wondrous Son Great is Thy Keep this poor Clean in Thy Keep my feet I Teach me Thy I will obey.



one of the neatest little quarters I had seen, a splendid cellar underneath, with a supply of wood enough to last till Fall, only requiring to be cut and hauled. After congratulating the Captain for his enterprise and good management, we took the train for Berlin. Stopping at Guelph to change cars, we took a run up to see Ensign Ottaway, did five minutes' business, got back and caught the train to Berlin. Arriving there we were met by Bro. Simpson, an Army friend, who conducted us to the afternoon meeting. We were met with an enthusiastic string of volleys.



REV. J. S. SCOTT, MINISTER.

Who loaned his church recently to the S. A. for a Social Meeting.

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Ensign Sims, Platoon, Ont.

or two were bound to say something to God's glory. Then the Major spoke about the greatest miracle ever performed.

We had to hurry from the meeting to catch the car to Galt, and after doing business till one o'clock in the morning, and getting a few hours' rest, and catching the train next day to London back to endless figures, correspondence, etc., we more than ever realized that Easter could be more profitably spent, both for ourselves and the blessing of others, than getting a new hat or eating Easter eggs.—Scribbs.

Saved to the Uttermost.

Saved to the uttermost,
Freed from all sin;
Cleansed by the Holy Ghost,
Made pure within;
Jesus in mercy hath
Made me His own;
Gent and abundant love
He hath He shown.

No more will I wander
From His dear side;
He, in His fullness, doth
In me abide.
Harm cannot come to me;
I fear no ill,
For Jesus, my Saviour
Abides with me still.

Ever by Jesus' love
Kept day by day,
By power of His might
Never to stray.
No other Friend have I,
None other need;
Jesus alone now is
My Friend indeed.

Oh, wondrous Saviour,
Great is Thy might;
Keep this poor heart of mine
Clean in Thy sight.
Keep my feet firmly fixed,
Never to stray;
Teach me Thy will, O Lord,
I will obey.

E. C. S.

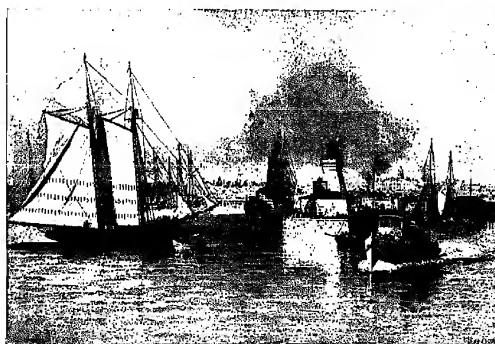
AN INCIDENT OF THE SPOKANE SHELTER.

Adj. Dodd, Superintendent of the Salvation Army Social operations in Spokane, Wash., is not only running his branch with energy, but is also keeping the spiritual interests of the work well to the fore. He states in a recent dispatch: "Our meetings are indeed being blessed by God. Last night we had a most blessed meeting and one poor brother came to God. He said he did not know much, but he wanted to be good. He said to me, 'I don't know how to pray, but I just come to God like I would come to you if I was hungry.' I told him he was on the right lines. He said, 'I will trust God; He shall be mine for ever.' To-day he is working in our wood yard, the first hard work he has ever done. He has made his living by gambling for years. Pray for him that God will bless him.—C."

Sacrifice and self-devotion hallow earth and fill the skies.—Lord Houghton.



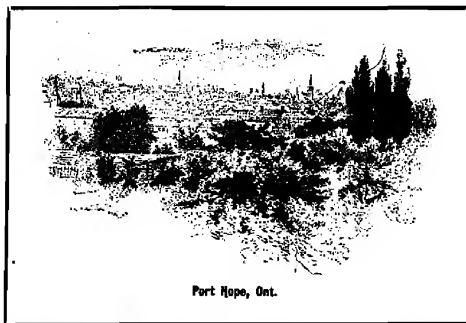
A View of the Bay of Quinte.



OSOBURG HARBOR

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below;
Never clime while one man's oppress,
Never delect while another's blest.
—Pope.

A Christian can be filled with the Spirit of God only on conditions. We must first open our house before the Holy Ghost can come in. A closed door will never be forced. "Open thy mouth and I will fill it." The mouth is a door to the heart. Unless we voluntarily give Him the right of way, He will never enter. The flower must open to the sunlight and the dew and the shower if it is to receive benefit, and the soul must spread its petals and invite the celestial light and dew and rain. The soul must be empty before it can be filled. The man who feels completely pampered is the man to whom the mint of heavenly coin is open. It is the hungry soul that is filled. Where the soul wants God more than anything else in all the world, there will be a "filling" soon.—S. C. Rees.



Port Hope, Ont.

He that cannot see well, let him go slowly.—Bacon.

When the heart is right there is true patriotism.—Berkeley.

ADJ. JOST AT WOODSTOCK, N.B.

A Very Successful Week.

I am sure the Field Commissioner and her Secretary for Women's Social Work will be very pleased to hear that Adj. Jost, of St. John, N. B., has had a very remarkable time at Woodstock, N. B. The meetings were as follows: Saturday night reception at the Town Hall. A good crowd was present and much sympathy manifested. Two souls.

Sunday, 11 a. m. one sister gave herself to God.

3 p. m. the Adjutant spoke of "Jail work in St. John." An interesting address that was much appreciated.

8 p. m. salvation meeting at the barracks.

Monday will be remembered as a very stormy day. So much so that the livery men would not venture to take a load of Salvation warriors across to Houlton. Mr., for any consideration. We at last secured a cutter and started. It was blowing a blizzard, but so we go. Here we are at Houlton. Thank God! God bless Ensign Ebsary. Meeting in Methodist Church. Parson got sore throat; can't take chair. Adj. Magee must try to get into his shoes. Tight fit. Good meeting. Good address by Adj. Jost.

7 a. m. at station. Engine off track. Train cancelled. Adj. Magee gone home night before. Must hire team. \$1.75 gone (awful). Got Woodstock all right.

3 p. m. Baptist Church. Women only. Beautiful crowd. Grand meeting.

8 p. m. Advent Church. Mrs. Saunders, of the W. C. T. U., in chair. Ladies said many kind things. Splendid address. Mrs. Dickinson also assisted. Finesse good.

Wednesday, 8 p. m. Grafton Hall. Good crowd, good attention. Solos, speeches, etc. Much good done.

Thursday, visited ladies. Secured 12 League members. Forty girls in one factory agreed to contribute regularly to Rescue Work.

7 a. m. Adjutant boarded train. "Love by time," she said. Keep humble, Adjutant. Salvation is better than gold. Keep salvation, but dedicate all gold unto the Lord.—M.

It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truth is so
That howsoever I stray and range,
I steeper step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.
—Clough.



Publication Sergeant Major Perkins and Wife, Barre, Vt.



Central Ontario.

13 Reports—6 Souls—5 Recruits Enrolled.

It's all Right!

AURORA.—A little over two weeks ago we took charge of Aurora. Have found the people kindness itself, and ready to do most anything for us. Have had good meetings, but no souls as yet, but we are believing and praying that we won't have that to say long. The soldiers are just all right.—M. A. Mainland, Capt.

The Children's Treat.

NEWMARKET.—Quite a success as the Juniors' entertainment, got up by Capt. and Mrs. Williams. The children handled their recitations, dialogues, solos, duets, and quartettes beautifully. The performance of the "Bridal whoop" was very effectively rendered. This is the first of the kind rendered in Newmarket. Last Sunday Capt. and Mrs. Williams presented each Junior with a handsome little book, as a reward for attending the Junior company meetings, in which Lieut. Titus is very much interested.—A. X.

A Never-to-be-Forgotten Visit!

DOVERCOURT.—The 3rd of the series of Musical Demonstrations was held in the Dovercourt barracks and was an unprecedented success. 145 persons watched the Juniors of Lisgar St. go through the dumb-bell, bar-bell, and club drills, and listened to the melodious strains of the children's solos, etc. The band also contributed to the success of the gathering by accompanying the drills. Expressions of pleasure were poured into the officers' ears with the regularity of clockwork, and the rounds of applause emphasized the audience's appreciation. God bless the children.—F. O.

Got There all the Same!

GRAVENHURST.—We are still on the winning side. Out to see our cousins Friday at Sparrow Lake. God came very near and blessed us and gave us two souls. Had quite an experience coming home through the rain. Some of our kind and obliging friends took the trouble about 12 p.m. to go out and fell three or four trees across the road. Nevertheless we surmounted the difficulty and got home all O. K. Good week-end. War Cry all sold. Crowds increasing greatly.—F. T. R. C.

Two Rejoicing

NORTH BAY.—We are still marching on to victory. Bro. and Sister Bonstet, of Sudbury, have been heartily welcomed to our corps. Last week two precious souls sought the forgiveness of their sins.—Capt. Stephens and Lieut. McLennan.

A Visit from the O. O.

COLLINGWOOD.—Adj. Cameroun made us a visit on Tuesday and Wednesday, which proved a blessing to us all. During the week there were five out for cleansing. The devil is kicking but faith and hard work will conquer.—Willie Clark, R. C.

Boston Baked Beans!

ST. CATHARINES.—Monday night was a rouster. The Juniors had been looking forward for some time for this particular night to come. Everybody on hand but the correspondent. He had to work. Those who had been good and attended regularly were made happy by receiving some beautiful books. Of course there were some with long faces, but if they had thought of that all the way along they could have had the best prize. On Thursday was the blue baked beans

and brown bread had been announced. Everybody was anxious for the beans. Staff-Capt. Taylor, our worthy D. O. came also. (Glad to see you, Staff-Captain!) We had a crowded house. Everybody enjoyed themselves. St. Kitts can say we are clear of debt once more. Hallelujah! One gentleman said if we got \$35 he would give us \$5. We got the \$5. Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Fox and the Cadet to the front.—Pub. Sergt.-Major.

"Matrimonial Muddles!"

RICHMOND ST.—Again we can report victory. We don't take much stock in the saying, "All things come to those who wait," but we are firm believers in the fact that waiting, working, praying, and believing bring results. At any rate that's the way things worked on Sunday. Adj. Stanton and Staff-Captain Manton arrived in the afternoon. A nice crowd had gathered to listen to Staff-Capt. Manton's lecture on "Matrimonial muddles." Night was the crowning time, when, after a hard fight with big devils and little ones, two brothers (backsliders) came, sought and found the Saviour. This made our hearts rejoice.—A. R. Capt.

Not Snowed in Quite!

AHMIC HARBOR.—We are not snowed under. We were hoping the snow would have been gone by this time. Twenty feet of snow fell here this winter and we're three or four feet yet on the ground. Still we push the war. We have victory. The work has been slow owing to such storms, but it has been sure.—Capt. J. Slater.

The Lambs Again in Front!

EVERESHAM.—I spent Sunday by walking five miles with snow up to my knees, drove 13 miles and held three meetings. One brother fired three volleys for Jesus in the afternoon meeting. Monday night was our J. S. Annual. We had a grand time, one of the best ever spent up this way. The children took a prominent part. The barracks full. \$3.53 collection—not so bad for a Circle Corps—I am yours to push the J. S. war. C. H. B.

They Liked Music!

WEST TORONTO JCT.—We are still keeping the General's motto before us, "On, on, and still on!" We had with us on Sunday Bro. Ibbotson and his Musical Family. It was quite a treat to hear them. We had our hall packed and the people were highly delighted, and say, "Come again!" Our crowds are increasing. God is being glorified.—Capt. T. Bloss.

A Feast of Visitors!

YORKVILLE.—Sunday, the 9th, was Brigadier Complin's farewell. The holiness meeting was led by the Brigadier, assisted by Staff-Capt. Manton, who favored us with one of his solos. In the afternoon reinforcements came.—Staff-Capt. Morris, Adj. Stanton, Ensign Nellie Griffiths, Ensign Dick Griffiths, Capt. Easton, and Capt. Arnold, the noted violinist. The playing and singing were much appreciated by all. The night meeting was the best of all. The hall was packed, and although none would yield we believe that something real was done for the Kingdom. Finances were splendid. \$7 for the day. God bless the Brigadier, and all that were with him! Yorkville was highly delighted.—Win. Jones, Capt.

A Lively Corps.

HAMILTON II.—Some people might have thought that No. II corps was dead, but if the War Cry man could have peeped in last Sunday he would have thought that it was a lively corpse. Indeed. The morning meeting was just a regular feast. In the afternoon we had Staff-Capt. Morris and his music makers, also that "long-distance boogie" Ensign Fletcher, who actually asked for \$10 collection, and got

over \$11. How is that for high? Capt. Clink and Russell are at the helm, and they certainly know something about navigation, for they have paid off about \$80 debt, and will have the corps clear, or know the reason why. Keep your eye on Hamilton II. Mrs. Ensign Atwell with us at night and good crowd.—A. T. R. for Capt. Clink and Russell.

East Ontario.

7 Reports—6 Soldiers Saved—5 Juniors 2 Recruits Enrolled—1 Sanctified.

A Would-be Suicide Captured!

BARRE, VT.—One dear man, 45 years of age, who has been passing through great affliction, got all discouraged, and went and bought a revolver, going home that night determined to put an end to his life. When he got to his room his little boy, three years old, woke up and said, "Hello, papa! Time to get up!" put his little arms round his neck and kissed him. That broke him all up and stopped him from taking his life. Next night he was going up the street while we were holding our open-air meeting. The singing attracted his attention, so he came back and listened; then followed us into the barracks, and in the prayer meeting he came out and ended his old life by giving himself to God. Yesterday he threw the revolver in the river, at the Band of Love meeting. One of the Juniors saved in this meeting.—Zaccheus.

Victory!

PETERBORO.—We are still rejoicing in seeing souls at the feet of Jesus. The presence of God was felt in our midst on Sunday. We fight in the strength of God and we are sure to win.—Cadet May Lang.

Three Prisoners Caught!

PRESCOTT.—Glory to God! We are still fighting. The devil is raging, but God's Spirit is working. This week three souls have found pardon through the Blood. Wednesday night our holiness meeting was a most glorious time, and one soul claimed the blessing. Hallelujah!—Reg. Cor. E. H.

Not Dead—No Indeed!

RENFREW.—Although you may not have heard from us away up there in Toronto, or yet in Ottawa, we still fight on. The devil's kingdom has suffered loss, and souls have got saved, of which two have again taken their stand on the S. A. platform. Praise God! God has wonderfully helped us in getting quite a heavy debt off the corps. A musical meeting was also announced in which Arraprior officers and soldiers took a prominent part. Result: A full house, finances good, and everybody went away pleased. To God be all the glory.—Treas. M. A. Gillan, for Capt. Comstock.

Bringing Them In!

REMPYVILLE.—We can still report victory. One volunteer for salvation on Sunday night. Another on Tuesday night. Both, we believe, are properly saved and will make Blood-and-Fire soldiers.—John H. Burley.

Captain Gave His Life Story!

GANANOQUE.—Lieut. Hunter, who has recently come to assist Captain Crespo to hunt the devil out of the town, is settling along nicely. We had a good time on Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday a very good crowd gathered to hear Capt. Owen give a sketch of his life. He started with a few words on the motherly love of an

elephant, which made a great many long faces turn to broad ones. Then came the thrilling life sketch, which made many eyes all with tears, and some to overflow.—R. W. H.

A Busy Holiday Time!

PORT HOPE.—Big times were expected in Port Hope, during Easter. Specials commenced to arrive on Good Friday. Our old friend Johnnie Brokenshire, and Color-Sergt. Sackett, from Fenelon Falls, did us good service. On Monday, officers of the District to the front. Capt. Stainforth and Gross, Lieut. McFarlane and Carter. You may guess it was a big old time in the old town. The string band, composed of three violins and three auto-harp, took the people. Had you been in Port Hope on Tuesday you might have seen a little man running from the file factory (where we had been conducting a noonday meeting) to meet the train from Peterboro, which brought Lieut.-Colonel Margetts and Brigadier Bennett. These two old warriors arrived and we were glad to see them. The meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Soldiers turned out in good force for march and we had a glorious time.—S. Blackburn, Adj.

Newfoundland.

5 Reports—77 Souls—2 for Sanctification—14 Recruits Enrolled.

A Revival.

BOTWOODVILLE.—God has been wonderfully helping us this past two weeks. We have had the joy of seeing 26 souls coming home. Four came out while we were singing, "We shall be among the angels bye-and-bye." Soldiers fighting. God bless them.—J. Boggs, Capt.

Heaven upon Earth.

HAY ROBERTS.—Sunday's meetings well attended. 11 souls for salvation. On Thursday we had a flying visit from Brigadier Sharp, accompanied by Adj. Kenway and Newman, also Ensign Boggs. Holiness meeting in afternoon, six out for a clean heart. An enrolment at night, 16 of the Sleep converts took their stand under the Blood-and-Fire Flag. Two souls for pardon. 24 souls for the week. On to conquer!—A. G. Brown, Capt.

Thank God for the Siege!

GOOSEBERRY, Nfld.—Devil is still on the upward grade. God has blessed us wonderfully. I came here on the first day of March, and that same night, before going to meeting, a man sent for me to come and visit him. I went to see him. The first words were, "I want to get saved." So we knelt and prayed and he gave God his heart. We had a good time in the Siege enrolment of soldiers, and also J. S. and Band of Love members made.—Capt. J. D. Clark.

The Siege a Success.

CLARESVILLE, Nfld.—Devil kicking. During the Siege we can rejoice over 24 souls in the Fountain. Sunday God was with us all day. One good case. We give Him the praise and go on.—D. Moulton, Capt.

Two Hard Cases!

SOUTHERN BAY.—I think it is time you should hear from us. Glad to say we found it so on Sunday, having with us Capt. Brace, of D. H. Q. on his return from St. John. Sunday morning holiness meeting was a two-edged sword time. Two out for a clean heart, and at night two of about the hardest cases in the place made their way to the Cross, where, after a desperate struggle, they claimed the sinners' Saviour as theirs. Our prayer is, Lord, keep them true. Herbert Quinton, S.-M.

Pacific Pro.

2 Reports—3 S.

The Locals App.

MISSOULA, Mont.—O day night Capt. Bailey, few of the Local Officers.—Sergt.-Major, two penitents, drum-major, 5 Treasurer. The rest of cers will be appointed in meetings, good crowds tions.—J. H. Frost, R.

Rather a Warm

NEW WHEATCOM.—4 port three souls in the are still looking for others have done you good to men whom God had pu ing. We are having a now. We expect to see away from the devil's meetings on Sunday. Jones, for Capt. Shear.

Eastern Pro.

9 Reports—33 Souls—4 cation.

Victory Ag.

WESTVILLE, N. S.— victory here. We have from our D. O. Adj. it closed we well attende souls at the Mercy Se another one has come low.—Capt. Pittman, I.

Brief and Br.

AMHERST, N. S.—W Ensign Andrews for a which was good. Lieut. Hamilton favo Capt. J. Wilson takes it.

Progressing Be.

KENTVILLE, N. S.— ahead. Since last rep salvation and four fo House to house visitat times altogether.—Met & Hinson.

Not in Ve.

HOULTON.—Good n Sunday. After our closed the last meeti case of conversion. U the praise.—Emily Wh

Bravo, Fast.

CAMPBELLTON.—I many snow storms a month the war still Easter Cry went like b selling 120 copies on Saturday, some buye bought one for four ye extra copies ordered a short of the number w a few were disappoint one.—W. S., Reg. Co.

Nothing Da.

BEAR RIVER.—I strong arm of God v Praise the Lamb! W Hallelujah! We are victory all the way, soul last night, yet v one soul is worth ten like this. Lord hel value precious souls Ned.

Never Saw Su.

ST. JOHN II.—The on and we can report hand. We had a gran day, Ensign Turpin There was a dedicatio ren to God, and the with ten precious sou meet. Grand meeting week. Everybody he crowned for the w 19 souls.—G. W. M.

God Bless Th.

MONCTON, N. B.— jolice over sinners c of Jesus. Sunday w earth time. God spo precious souls. The along splendidly. O played out last Sund

A Brilliant

GLACE BAY, C. the week in S. A. Children's Jubilee o

Pacific Province.

2 Reports—3 Souls.

The Locals Appointed.

MISSOULA, Mont.—On last Thursday night Capt. Bailey appointed a few of the Local Officers of this corps—Sergeant-Major, two penitent form Sergeants, drum-major, Secretary and Treasurer. The rest of the Local Officers will be appointed later on. Good meetings, good crowds, good collections.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Rather a Warm Time!

NEW WHAFCOM.—Since last report three souls in the Fountain. We are still looking for others. It would have done you good to see these dear men whom God had pardoned testifying. We are having a hot time just now. We expect to see many break away from the devil's ranks. Good meetings on Sunday. One soul.—Lieut. Jones, for Capt. Sheard.

Eastern Province.

9 Reports—23 Souls—4 for Sanctification.

Victory Again!

WESTVILLE, N. S.—We can report victory here. We have had a visit from our D. O., Adj. Byers. The meeting was well attended, and before it closed we had the joy of seeing two souls at the Mercy Seat. Since then another one has come. More to follow.—Capt. Pittman, Lieut. McLeod.

Brief and Breezy.

AMHERST, N. S.—We had with us Ensign Andrews for a lantern service, which was good. Capt. Pierce and Lieut. Hamilton farwelled Sunday. Capt. J. Wilson takes charge.—L. W. H.

Progressing Beautifully!

KENTVILLE, N. S.—We are going ahead. Since last report one soul for salvation and four for sanctification. House to house visitation, and blessed times altogether.—McDonald, Leadley & Hanson.

Not in Vain!

HOULTON.—Good meetings all day Sunday. After our day's work we closed the last meeting with a good case of conversion. We give God all the praise.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

Bravo, Easter Cry!

CAMPBELLTON.—In spite of the many snow storms during the past month the war still goes on. The Easter Cry went like hot lava, Capt. H. selling 120 copies on the street on Saturday, some buying who had not bought one for four years. The twenty extra copies ordered came a long way short of the number wanted, and quite a few were disappointed in not getting one.—W. S., Reg. Cor.

Nothing Daunted!

BEAR RIVER.—Upheld by the strong arm of God we march along. Praise the Lamb Who died for us! Hallelujah! We are able to report victory all the way. We had only one soul last night, yet we feel that this one soul is worth ten thousand worlds like this. Lord help Thy people to value precious souls as they ought!—Ned.

Never Saw Such Times

ST. JOHN IL.—The battle still goes on and we can report victory on every hand. We had a grand time on Sunday. Ensign Turpin being with us. There was a dedication of three children to God, and the meeting closed with ten precious souls at the Master's feet. Grand meetings throughout the week. Everybody happy and we are crowned for the week's work with 10 souls.—Cor. W. Marshall.

God Bless the Band!

MONCTON, N. B.—We are still rejoicing over sinners coming to the feet of Jesus. Sunday was a heaven-upon-earth time. God spoke peace to seven precious souls. The band is getting along splendidly. One of the sisters played out last Sunday for the first.

A Brilliant Event.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—The event of the week in S. A. circles was the Children's Jubilee on Monday night.

The Junior work has been re-organized by J. S. S. Mrs. McPherson and is going ahead beautifully. There were 20 Juniors on the march on Monday night, and inside the barracks they did credit to themselves and their leader in the rendering of their different songs, recitations, etc. Assistant Manager Johnson moved a vote of thanks to the children and their leader for the evening's entertainment. On Sunday one sister stole a march on the devil, and kneeling down by the sent she got beautifully saved.—Sergeant-Major.

North-West Province

7 Reports—19 Souls 16 Recruits Enrolled.

A Good Reception.

POINT ARTHUR.—We have just arrived. Our welcome meeting was a very nice time, while our first week-end meetings were well attended and a good spirit prevailed. We are going in to see great things accomplished for God.—J. C. H.

Siege Triumphs.

NEEPAWA.—Booming success of the Siege. Corps wonderfully blessed, made six soldiers, increase weekly attendance indoors 100, increase open-air attendance 20, increase knee-drill attendance (weekly) 7, ditto J. S. Locals 2, ditto Band of Love members 13. For all this we give God the glory and march on.—W. Cummins, Ensign.

The Roll Increased.

MOOSEHORN, Assa.—Since last report three precious souls have found Jesus. Tuesday night welcome meeting to Father and Mother House. Enrollment of recruits who now march in the great S. A., also a social which went off well. Good Friday one prodigal returned home. Easter War Cry sold out. "Victory" is our motto.—Lieut. Woodworth, for Capt. McKay.

The G. B. M. Man Thoro.

FARGO, N. D.—God is blessing us. One soul for salvation. Ensign Perry with us. We had a beautiful lantern service this evening, which was enjoyed by a very large audience, many having to stand. We are in for a big time to-morrow, and we are praying that God will bless the Ensign.—M. H. S.

Been Very Busy.

RAT PORTAGE.—Last Wednesday night we had a fan-tart social and music led by Capt. Wilkins and wife. Thursday we made farwells to old barracks. Friday afternoon and evening welcome meetings in new barracks. Saturday we had a song meeting, in which the devil showed himself in a young man who made a great disturbance. Sunday good meetings all day, led by Adj. and Mrs. Gile. Monday night we had a service of song, "Home, sweet home." Slugging by the Juniors. Forgot to say that on Sunday evening, special collection taken up for the purchase of new flag for the corps.—M. E. H. C.

Ten Comrades Welcomed.

LETTERBRIDGE.—God has been with us during the past week. God has also blessed us in the Siege. We had our Siege enrollment on Friday evening when we were greatly blessed by seeing 10 converts enrolled. Our officers and soldiers (God bless them) have stood to their post.—Bert Reynolds, H. C.

Not at all Discouraged.

BISMARCK, N. D.—Had with us Capt. Livingston for two nights, and had a good time. The Captain enjoys himself very much here with us. We had no souls, but hope to see many coming to Christ before long. The people like our music. We shall never give in. More later on.—Alex. Helmworth, Reg. Cor.

West Ontario.

5 Reports—Several Souls Saved.

Had a Superb Time!

PALMERSTON.—Hallelujah! Things are looking up here. On Good Friday we had a commissioning of Local Officers, and on Saturday and Sunday we had Bandmaster Cantlon, from Wigan, who made the devil mad. At 7 a.m. we had a march round the town, headed by the brass band. At 3 p.m. band to the front again, and to hear Bandmaster solo was a real treat. He also gave his life and experience, and how he became converted through the supposed murder of a friend. But Monday night was the crowning time, when we were reinforced by about 25 of the Juniors from Laskwell, commanded by Capt. Pynn, and to hear them sing, recite, and go through their drills one would almost think they were in the glory land. Our Junior work is looking up. We welcomed Capt. Pynn to our midst on Tuesday, which will be a great help to our band and Junior work.—Scott Cowan, Treas.

WYOMING.—God lives in Wyoming as well as elsewhere. Since arriving here we have had some good times, our knee-drill being the first for some time.—L. Rugler, Lieut.

Welcome Back!

GODERICH.—Sunday, welcome meetings to Lieut. Hodgson, of Laskwell, back to Goderich, his old battle-ground, to help on the war. Attendance increasing.—J. R. Saurby, Treas., for Capt. Hancock.

A Budget for London's D. O.

LONDON, Ont.—Another week has gone, yet not without something being accomplished for God. Easter Sunday was a blessed day. We met on the Market Square at 6 a.m., brass band to the front, and marched around the city playing Salvation music, then back to the barracks for knee-drill.



Our band boys believe in works as well as faith. They led the way four times on Sunday. Can any other band do that? God has been saving souls, not in great numbers, but the few are coming and doing well. The Easter War Cry went like hot cakes. We disposed of 100 extra copies. People say it's the best yet for St. The Junior Annual was a good success. The children did well in their drills, songs, recitations, etc. The Sergeant-Major has the Junior work well in hand.—Yours for the salvation of the world, D. F. McAmmond, Adj.

Some are Home Again!

WALLACEBURG.—We are glad to welcome Bro. and Mrs. C. Brown, of Lascar St. Corps, Toronto, and also Lieut. Burrows, who has been home ill for some time. The Siege has been a blessing to us, and also to a number of backsliders who have sought and found peace. The attendance at our sunrise knee-drill was seventeen. We wound up with a march around the town, singing the praises of the Lamb.—W. Peters, for Capt. Fell and Lieut. Burrows.

International Proverbs.

Affected superiority mars good fellowship.

Affection is the broadest basis of a good life.

Affection is the wholesome soil of virtue.

Our affection is better than a thousand exhortations.

Reckless youth makes rueful age.

The young are slaves to novelty, the old to custom.

Young men think old men are fools, and old men know young men to be such.

A slumber's youth is a blunder, his manhood a struggle, and his old age a regret.

Praise Him!

A Nineteenth Century Psalm.

By COMMISSIONER BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

I stood upon the ocean shore,
Where waves in thunderous music pour
Their mountainous on the golden strand,
And stretch to earth a loving hand.
What was the song their thunders
raised?
Let God be praised! let God be
praised!

I saw their crests come curling in
As if each first earth's hand would
wilt.

I saw their foam tossed up in spray
And pass o'er rock and land away.
What sang those billows and that
foam?
Let our Creator's kingdom come!

I viewed the blue where sky and sea
Afar off blend in unity;
From that blue deep, from that blue
dome,
I heard the voice of slugging come.
Up from beneath, down from above
The song came floating: God is love!

Hear! hear! ye waves of ocean, roar!
God's praise in thunderous music pour;
O'er all earth's gentle golden strand
To her stretch out a sister's hand.
Let both in songs of joy unite
And praise your God with all your
might!

Flash! flash! ye blinding lightnings
flash!
And roll, ye rolling thunders, crash,
And voice the terror of the Law,
And all earth with a holy awe,
And as their echoes die away,
Then weep, ye clouds, while earth doth
pray!

Weep! weep! ye gentle rain-drops,
O'er weep!
O'er seedlings which in cold earth
sleep,
Until, beneath your quick'ning tears
And summer's sunbeams, these ap-
pear!

The blade and harvest, to the praise
Of Him Who life from death doth
raise!

Sweep! sweep! ye winds and tem-
pests, sweep!
Blow where ye list o'er land and deep;
And tell men of the Holy Ghost
That they may call for Pentecost,
That prayer, with tempest force, may
rise

And storm the fortress of the skies!

Wave! wave! ye mighty forests,
Wave!

Your crests so stately and so grave,
Your noble branches head and away,
Like giant arms which praise and
pray.

With all your grand solemnity
Proclaim your Maker's majesty!

Fail! fail! ye fleecy snow-flakes, fall!
And spread o'er earth your pure white
pall.

And teach us in each wintry death,
In each bleak trial of our faith,
To trust in God's almightiness
His boundless resurrection grace.

Rise! rise! ye mighty mountains, rise!
In glittering peaks toward yonder skies;
And let the valleys roll along
Their bass notes to your treble song,
Let anthems pour o'er hill and dale,
Let praise run up and down the scale!

Between the mountain and the plain
I stood and listened once again;
From heav'n above, from earth be-
neath,
From flower and fountain, field and
heath,
From nature's myriad voices came
The praise of our Creator's name.

Giving or Following Advice.

Telling another what is his duty is
pleasanter than learning from another
what is our duty. The one is a qual-
ification to ourselves, whether it be so
or not; the other is likely to
show us our lack, and should add to
our sense of responsibility for better
doing. We love to give good advice.
We ought to have pleasure in follow-
ing good advice, when another gives it
in us.—S. S. Times.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

ONCE MORE THE PROUD ARAB!

Nigger Witnesses the Collapse of His Master!—Shameful Non-appearance of the E. O. P. Mag!—More About that Medal!

We haven't heard the last of that medal: Major Southall, modest man that he is, bears the honor with becoming grace. Here is his message: "Words fail to express my utter surprise and appreciation of the great honor conferred upon me by the presentation of such a magnificent token of the great feat performed by my trusty steed. His trainers are proud of him, and also of the gallant men and women who have provided suitable fodder for his voracious appetite, and of the kind that has given him sufficient staying power to conquer his competitors. Again reminding you of my deep gratitude for the great honor conferred upon me, and the costly presentation bestowed, which will live in my memory forever. Yours in deepest humiliation.—Master of Arab."

But that is not all. We received the other morning a strange-looking parcel which turned out to be a photograph record. It was all in pieces, and we were just remarking that it was a shame not to pack the thing more carefully, when suddenly it dawned upon our "Jones of intellect" that it was Major Southall's responsive present, significant of "THE BLOOMING RECORD!" The Editorial Office fairly shook with laughter, and we had a huge slice of it. A note, opened a little later, said:

"I am sending by this mail a package containing a defective article which has been lying around the house for some time. On my presenting myself at the dinner-table, adorned in the elegant decoration referred to in a previous letter—which I need hardly state delayed the usual proceedings of demolition for a while—Mrs. Southall explained to Ethel what said decoration was for. Sometime after dinner Ethel discovered the article went wrong, and assigned to it the reason of said decoration—Your affectionately, Arab's Master. God bless Arab's Master and all the attendant graces!"

Sergeant Major Garland, of St. John's, Nfld., has taken a quarterly review, and informs us that the boomers of that corps have sold the following Cry during the quarter:

Cadet Gibbs	229
Cadet Moore	249
Cadet H. Birch	140
Sergeant Stinson	79
Sergeant Wiseman	199
Sergeant Carter	185
Capt. Noel	20
P. S. M. Garland	570

He adds the following note: "I thank God for our conquering band of hustlers who have never been defeated since we have been commissioned. To God we give the glory, and have to thank our unswerving comrades for buying up the Cry, and they just know how to do it!"

A clipping from "Ocean Waves," Brigadier Sharp's highly intellectual publication: "Our worthy Editor and one of his noble aids are seen to great advantage in this week's Cry trying to pull the Newfoundland P. O. from his seat, but I am afraid they find it a more difficult task than they anticipated, as the brawny Scotchman is not moved about with every wind of doctrine, for he is a thorough believer in the old saying, 'It is not all gold that glitters.' Nevertheless, we are pleased to inform the readers of the O. W. that although our difficulties are many, we are sending more War Cry this winter than ever has been sold before, and we pay in full for each order. This is out of the ordinary for Newfoundland, when we consider the poverty that is on the island and such a number not being able to read, and only laboring amongst 50,000, we think we do pretty fair. We are sorry

the Editor does not see eye to eye with us, but perhaps he has been in ignorance of our position, and runs away with the idea that the P. O. is taking a nap."

All right, Brigadier. We will know better in future.

We extend the most unequalled sympathy to the boomers of the East Ontario Province. For three weeks now we have failed to receive from Staff-Capt. Rawling the usual boomers' list. What shall we say of this unequalled neglect on the part of the Staff-Captain?

WEST ONTARIO.

101 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford 245
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock 225



"Here, everybody, quick! Would you believe it?—Major Southall's Arab score 119 Boomers! Indeed, he deserves a medal!"

S. M. MRS. ROCK, Chatham	129
LEUT. CARR, Windsor	119
MRS. ADJT. HUGHES, Stratford	112
ENSGN OTTAWAY, Guelph	110
MRS. DR. GREEN, Ridgeway	109
Lieut. Copeman, Seaforth	95
S. M. Howlett, Petrolia	94
Lieut. Horwood, Petrolia	92
Capt. Hoddinott, Strathroy	99
Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg	88
Capt. Mary J. Clark, London	86
Lieut. Frye, Clinton	77
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	70
Capt. Coe, Guelph	63
Sergeant Roubillard, Chatham	62
Sergeant Bond, Wingham	62
Capt. Stone, Hespeler	69
Lieut. Ringler, Wingham	60
Lieut. Strider, Dresden	58
Sergeant Major McDougall, Goderich	57
Sister Schmitt, Paris	55
Capt. Mathers, Listowel	55
Sergeant Allen, Mitchell	55
Capt. Fees, Norwich	50
Sister Butte, London	50
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	50
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg	50
Lieut. Winter, Bothwell	50
Sergeant Major Dearing, Hespeler	50
Sergeant Crocker, Stratford	45
Sister McQuinn, St. Thomas	45
Sergeant Brindley, Goderich	44
Capt. Howcroft, Forest	42
Lieut. Stickells, Forest	42

Aurist Wright, Ingersoll	42
Capt. Lison, Warford	41
Sister McCubbin, Leamington	40
Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsonburg	40
Lieut. Munford, St. Thomas	40
Capt. Bony, Bothwell	40
Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll	38
Capt. Heister, Clinton	38
Capt. McDonald, Drayton	38
Sergeant Gifford, Simcoe	38
Sister Grace Crafts, Chatham	38
Sergeant Schuster, Berlin	38
Mrs. Graham, Thamesville	38
Sister Passmore, Blenheim	38
Sister Hilda, Blenheim	34
Adj. McAmmond, London	34
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, London	34
Mrs. Ensign McIlroy, Windsor	34
Sister D. Liebrook, Leamington	34
Capt. Pynn, Palmerston	34
Sister Thompson, Sarnia	31
Lieut. Burton, Sarnia	31
Capt. Haley, Bayfield	30
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	30
Lieut. Baird, Theford	30
Lieut. Fitch, St. Thomas	30
Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg	30
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	30
Ensign McIlroy, Windsor	30
Sergeant F. Palmer, London	30
Sergeant East, Brownwell, Kingsville	30
Bro. Christoffer, Dresden	30
Lieut. Jordison, Essex	30
Adj. Coombs, Brantford	30
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas	30
Sister McQuinn, Blenheim	30
Lieut. Thompson, Leamington	30
S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll	30
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston	30
Lieut. Crawford, Bayfield	30
W. Harvey, Harrison	30
Ensign Scott, Galt	30

Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	30
Cadet Harman, Richmond St.	30
Bro. Bowber, Ligar St.	30
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	30
Ensign Wynn, Riverside	30
Capt. Blose, West Toronto Junction	30
Capt. Darrach, Oshawa	30
Capt. Culbert, Omece	30
Lieut. Kivell, North Bay	30
Capt. Stephens, North Bay	30
Lieut. McLennan, North Bay	30
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	30
Capt. Sherwin, Sudbury	30
Lieut. Bond, Sudbury	30
Cadet Caldwell, Richmond	30
S. M. Hunter, Newmarket	30
Bro. Dixon, Temple	30
Capt. Bowers, Orillia	30
Sister Bowers, Ligar St.	30
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	30
Sergeant Kane, St. Catharines	30
Capt. Brant, Faversham	30
Capt. White, Huntsville	30
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	30
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Brantford	30
Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	30
Bro. Stacey, Temple	30
Cadet Yake, Lippincott	30
Sergeant Gilks, Yorkville	30
Sister Daburville, Hamilton I.	30
Lieut. Wadge, Exbridge	30
Sergeant McQuinn, Temple	30
Sister Grafton, Temple	30
Capt. Hanna, Brantford	30
Capt. Hecroft, Parry Sound	30
Lieut. Howcroft, Parry Sound	30
Mrs. Capt. McElland, Midland	30
Cadet Edwards, Lippincott	30
Capt. Rennie, Meaford	30
Lieut. Craig, Meaford	30
Sergeant Gordon, Temple	30
Sister Taylor, Hamilton I.	30
Capt. Gammage, Little Current	30
Lieut. Haskinson, Little Current	30
S. M. Cooper, Kilmount	30
Capt. Fisher, Chesley	30
S. M. Clark, Collingwood	30
Sister Stanton, Oshawa	30
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket	30
Lieut. Titus, Newmarket	30
Uncle Stanton, Hamilton I.	30
Sister Curry, Hamilton I.	30
Cadet Smith, Lippincott	30
Bro. Goods, Social Farm	30
Sergeant Howell, Riverside	30
Sister Richards, St. Catharines	30
Father Curry, Hamilton I.	30
Sergeant Studden, Bracebridge	30
Sergeant Jays, Bracebridge	30
Bro. Rutherford, Bracebridge	30
Capt. Matthews, Bracebridge	30
Sister Gee, Hamilton I.	30
S. M. Courtemanche, Norland	30
Sister Price, Dovercourt	30
Capt. Welch, Dovercourt	30
S. M. Cornelius, Huntsville	30
Cadet Knackie, Lippincott	30
Lieut. Meek, Huntsville	30
S. M. Marsell, Bracebridge	30
Sergeant Stevens, Riverside	30
Sister Robinson, Oshawa	30
Capt. Wiseman, Oakville	30
Bro. Collins, Meaford	30
Capt. O'Neill, Fenelon Falls	30
Bro. McKinnon, Owen Sound	30
Bro. Dault, Sudbury	30
Sergeant Shelly, Ligar St.	30
Sergeant Schellie, Ligar St.	30
Sergeant Simpson, Yorkville	30
Bro. Troyer, Brantford	30
Bro. Gray, Midland	30
Harry Iverson, West Toronto Junction	30

EASTERN PROVINCE.

57 Hustlers.

CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I.	125
CAPT. GOODWIN, Charlottetown	125
SISTER GRAHAM, Halifax I.	125
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton	102
P. S. M. WARREN, Charlottetown	102
SISTER WHITE, Houlton	100
Lieut. Dunscombe, New Glasgow	99
Adj. Evers, New Glasgow	99
Lieut. Meikle, Hillsboro	99
Lieut. Smith, Moncton	99
Lieut. Hebb, Pictou	99
Cadet Uquhart, Springhill	99
Lieut. Richards, St. Stephen	99
Ensign Larder, Glace Bay	99
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney	99
Sister Maybue, Charlottetown	99
Capt. McIntyre, Carleton	99
Lieut. Brown, Truro	99
Cadet Ebbett, Fredericton	99
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	99
Capt. Clark, North Sydney	99
Sister Lebas, Fredericton	99
Capt. Fancey, Truro	99
Capt. Ellis, Charlottetown	99
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	99
Sergeant Keating, Glace Bay	99
Lieut. Armstrong, Springhill	99
Capt. A. Knight, Chatham	99
Sister Taylor, Chatham	99
Capt. Sabin, St. Stephen	99
Sergeant Pettie, New Glasgow	99
Capt. F. Knight, Chatham	99
Lieut. Tudge, Fredericton	99
S. M. Cutbertson, Moncton	99
Ensign Jennings, Moncton	99

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

91 Hustlers.

SISTER PASSMORE, Hamilton I.	125
CAPT. WILSON, Collingwood	118
SISTER PEARCE, Temple	102
BRO. CASE, Hamilton I.	100
Sergeant Medlock, Temple	75
Ensign Smith, Owen Sound	74
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	74
Lieut. Dale, Orillia	67

Capt. Horwood, I.	40
P. S. M. Snow, D.	40
Sergeant Pitcher, Sy.	40
Sergeant Davies, Bri.	40
Sergeant Chabert, N.	40
Sergeant Moore, Hai.	40
Sergeant Matthews, I.	40
Sister Aah, New C.	40
Mother England, Sec. Pike, N. Spd.	40
Sister Lebas, Fr.	40
Sister Snow, Dart.	40
Capt. Lamont, Fre.	40
Sergeant McDow, D.	40
Sergeant Leunox, Du.	40
Sergeant Melvor, De.	40
Sergeant Collins, Fr.	40
Capt. Ritchie, M.	40
Sergeant Blakeney, J.	40
Sister Horton, Mo.	40
Lieut. Mowbray, I.	40
Sister Lemrow, C.	40

NORTH-WEST.

40 Hustlers.	
Capt. Brander, G.	
Lieut. Lloyd, Fort.	
Cadet Potter, Wh.	
Lieut. Anderson.	
Mrs. Capt. Knudsen	
Ensign Dean, Cal.	
Lieut. Russell, Pri.	
Lieut. Clark, Lar.	
Lieut. Hagen, Edi.	
Lieut. Wilcox, Wh.	
Lieut. Woodworth,	
Capt. Wilkins, Fo.	
Lieut. Bussan, Gr.	
Sergeant Major Walk.	
Sergeant Chapman, V.	
Capt. Stokken, Ca.	
Lieut. Askin, Vir.	
Sergeant McNabb, Po.	
Capt. Heryngshaw	
Cand. McLeod, Mo.	
Capt. Pearce, Edm.	
Lieut. Wick, La.	
Lieut. Blodgett, G.	
Capt. McKay, Mo.	
Ensign Smith, Bra.	
Lieut. Anderson, E.	
Sister Cook, Wini.	
Sister Egan, Cuth.	
Capt. Campbell, Vi.	
Capt. Elliott, Port.	
Sergeant Mansell	
Lieut. Hammond	
Lieut. Bland, Min.	
Mrs. Johnson, Bis.	
Sergeant L. Chapman	
Lieut. Anderson, I.	
Capt. Livingston, J.	
J. S. M. Dunlop	
Sergeant Penfold, Wi.	
Sergeant Johnson, W.	

NEWFOUNDLAND.

11 Hustlers.	
Sergeant Major Child.	
Sergeant Lison, St.	
Sergeant Clark, St.	
Sergeant March, St.	
Capt. Monton, Ch.	
Sergeant Thistle, St.	
Cadet W. Reader,	
Cadet Webber, St.	
Cadet J. Follett, E.	
Cadet J. Reader, S.	
Sister M. Harris, S.	

WOODSTOCK (N.E.).

By ADJ.

To the glory of O report that we have during the Commis percentage of increa good.

Sonia saved
Senior Soldiera enr
Juniors enrolled
Candidates applied

Comparing the last with the last week the increases are as follows:

Inside attendance in Soldiers' open-air at weekly
Knee-drill attendance
Cartridges increase
J. S. Company at B. of I. attendance
Companies formed
Company leaders
Sale of Young Soldiers B. of I. members

We regret very much do not show many with number of coe God for tea.

We still hope to e as soldiers.

Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	33
Cadet Harman, Richmond St.	33
Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St.	33
Mrs. Adl. Wiggins, Lindsay	33
Ensign Wynn, Riverside	33
Capt. Bross, West Toronto Junction	33
Capt. Darrach, Oshawa	33
Capt. Culbert, Oshawa	33
Lieut. Rivett, Owen Sound	33
Capt. Stephens, North Bay	33
Lieut. McLennan, North Bay	33
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	33
Capt. Sherwin, Sudbury	33
Lieut. Bond, Sudbury	33
Cadet Culbert, Richmond St.	33
S. M. Hunter, Newmarket	33
Bro. Dixon, Temple	33
Capt. Bowers, Orillia	33
Sister Bowers, Lisgar	33
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	33
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	33
Capt. Brant, Fetersham	33
Capt. White, Hurstville	33
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	33
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Brampton	33
Adl. Wiggins, Lindsay	33
Bro. Stacey, Temple	33
Cadet Yake, Lippincott	33
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	33
Sister Danversville, Hamilton I.	33
Capt. Nelson, Cambridge	33
Lieut. Wadge, Cambridge	33
Sergt. McQuaig, Temple	33
Sister Grafton, Temple	33
Capt. Hanna, Brampton	33
Capt. Howcroft, Parry Sound	33
Lieut. Howcroft, Parry Sound	33
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Midland	33
Cadet Edwards, Lippincott	33
Capt. Reanne, Meaford	33
Lieut. Craig, Meaford	33
Sergt. Boulton, Temple	33
Sister Taylor, Hamilton I.	33
Capt. Gammage, Little Current	33
Lieut. Huskinson, Little Current	33
S. M. Cooper, Kilmount	33
Capt. Fisher, Chesley	33
S. M. Clark, Collingwood	33
Sister Stanton, Oshawa	33
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket	33
Lieut. Thos. Newmarket	33
Cadet Stanton, Hamilton I.	33
Sister Potter, Hamilton I.	33
Cadet Smith, Lippincott	33
Bro. Gooda, Social Farm	33
Sergt. Howell, Riverside	33
Sister Richards, St. Catharines	33
Father Curry, Hamilton II.	33
Sergt. Stenden, Bracebridge	33
Sergt. Mays, Bracebridge	33
Bro. Hetherford, Bracebridge	33
Capt. Matthews, Bracebridge	33
Sister Gee, Hamilton II.	33
S. M. Courtemanche, Norland	33
Sister Price, Dovercourt	33
Capt. Welch, Dovercourt	33
S. M. Cornelius, Hurstville	33
Cadet Knuckle, Lippincott	33
Lieut. Meeks, Huntsville	33
S. M. Marskell, Bracebridge	33
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	33
Sister Robinson, Oshawa	33
Capt. Wiseman, Oakville	33
Bro. Cockles, Meaford	33
Capt. O'Neill, Fenelon Falls	33
Bro. McKinnon, Owen Sound	33
Bro. Dault, Sudbury	33
Sergt. Shelly, Lisgar St.	33
Sergt. Sticksell, Lisgar St.	33
Sergt. Simpson, Yorkville	33
Bro. Troyer, Brampton	33
Bro. Gray, Midland	33
Harry Iverson, West Toronto Junction	33

Capt. Howwood, Lunenburg	33
P. S. M. Snow, Dartmouth	33
Sergt. Pitcher, Sydney	33
Capt. Davies, Bridgewater	33
Sergt. Chislett, N. Sydney	33
Sergt. Moore, Halifax I.	33
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	33
Slater Ash, New Glasgow	33
Mother England, Chatham	33
Sec. Pike, N. Sydney	33
Slater Lebars, Fredericton	33
Slater Snow, Dartmouth	33
Capt. Lamont, Fredericton	33
Sergt. McDowd, Dartmouth	33
Sergt. Lennox, Dartmouth	33
Sergt. Melvor, Dartmouth	33
Sergt. Collins, Fredericton	33
Capt. Ritchie, Moncton	33
Sergt. Blakeney, Moncton	33
Slater Horton, Moncton	33
Lieut. Mowbray, Bridgewater	33
Slater Lemrov, Carleton	33

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

40 Hustlers.

Capt. Brandser, Grand Forks	33
Lieut. Lloyd, Port William	33
Cadet Potter, Winnipeg	33
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	33
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	33
Ensign Dean, Calgary	33
Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert	33
Lieut. Clark, Lacombe	33
Lieut. Hangan, Edmonton	33
Lieut. Wilcox, Winnipeg	33
Lieut. Woodworth, Mooseomin	33
Capt. Wilkins, Port Arthur	33
Lieut. Busson, Grafton	33
Sergt.-Major Walks, Valley City	33
Sergt. Chapman, Winnipeg	33
Capt. Stokes, Carberry	33
Lieut. Askin, Virden	33
Sergt. McNabb, Portage la Prairie	33
Capt. Herringshaw, Emerson	33
Cand. McLeod, Moose Jaw	33
Capt. Pearce, Edmonton	33
Lieut. Wick, Lacombe	33
Lieut. Blodgett, Calgary	33
Capt. McKay, Mooseomin	33
Ensign Smith, Brandon	33
Lieut. Anderson, Emerson	33
Sister Cook, Winnipeg	33
Mrs. Ensign Cunningham, Neepawa	33
Capt. Campbell, Virden	33
Capt. Elliott, Portage la Prairie	33
Sergt. Mansell	33
Lieut. Hammon, Grand Forks	33
Lieut. Bland, Winnipeg	33
Mrs. Johnson, Blamere	33
Sergt. L. Chapman, Winnipeg	33
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	33
Capt. Livingston, Mandan	33
J. S. S. M. Dunlop, Leithbridge	33
Sergt. Penfold, Winnipeg	33
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	33

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

11 Hustlers.

Sergt.-Major Childs, St. Johns I.	30
Sergt. Liaton, St. Johns I.	30
Sergt. Clark, St. Johns I.	30
Sergt. March, St. Johns I.	30
Capt. Moulton, Clarendville	35
Sergt. Thistle, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet W. Reader, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Webber, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet J. Follett, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet J. Reader, St. Johns I.	35
Sister M. Harris, St. Johns I.	22

WOODSTOCK (N.B.) SIEGE NOTES.

By ADJUT. McGe.

To the glory of God I am pleased to report that we have had glorious times during the Commissioner's Siege. The percentage of increase has been, I think, good.

Souls saved	50
Senior Soldiers enrolled	5
Junior enrolled	5
Candidates applied	2
Comparing the last week of the Siege with the last week before the Siege the increases are as follows:	
Inside attendance increase weekly	265
Soldiers open-air attendance increase weekly	22
Knave-dull attendance increase weekly	13
Cartridges increase weekly	\$1.10
J. S. Company attendance increase	20
B. of L. attendance weekly increase	15
Communes formed	2
Company leaders	2
Sale of Young Soldiers	30
B. of L. members	7

We regret very much that our returns do not show many enrolled, compared with number of converts, still we think God for them.

We still hope to enlist quite a number as soldiers.

"Good Soldiers of Jesus Christ."

(11 Tim. II. 3.)

BY A FRIEND OF THE S. A.

WHAT constitutes a good soldier of Jesus Christ? I wish were in my power to answer this question intelligently in all its details, but this I must leave to a more competent pen than mine. I should wish, however, to state just a few elements which, I think, always characterize the good soldier of Jesus Christ, whether found in the Salvation Army, or in any of the different churches to-day.

The first element, I think, which characterizes a good soldier, in the common acceptance of the word, is

Loyalty!

A disloyal soldier is no soldier in the truest sense and is unworthy of the name. He may fight mechanically when compelled to, but without genuine loyalty to his noble Queen or President, he will

can be procured, he may be fully equipped as a soldier, but unless he knows how, and when, to use his weapons, when engaged in fierce combat with the enemy, he is sure to be defeated.

The soldier of Jesus Christ will likewise be defeated by the enemy of souls, unless he knows how, and when, to use the weapons which God puts into his hands. He may carry a Bible in his pocket, as many professing Christians do, yet if he does not know how to handle this "Sword of the Spirit," if he cannot make successful use of it in defensive as well as aggressive warfare with Satan, he will never attain to the distinction of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. How successfully Christ made use of this weapon when attacked by Satan in the wilderness!

In this age of unbelief and wickedness, when men are denying the Word of Truth, the good soldier of Jesus Christ needs to have a thorough knowledge of the Bible and its use. Satan and his agents will attack him on every side. The battle may wax hot, the enemy strong and determined, but, loyal to his God, in whom he abides trust, together with a God-given knowledge of the use of his Divine weapon, victory will be his and God will be honored.



THE WAR CRY BOOMER'S RESURRECTION.

never distinguish himself as a good soldier.

If loyalty is an essential qualification of a good soldier of our country, it is also an essential qualification of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Loyalty to God, loyalty to the Salvation Army, loyalty to the church to which we belong, loyalty to one another, loyalty to ourselves, is essential to good soldiery. Disloyalty to God to-day is disqualifying thousands of people as Christian warriors, who otherwise might be giants in fighting the enemy of souls.

God cannot use the disloyal professor of religion. He may possess many excellent qualities, he may even fight mechanically when outward pressure is brought to bear upon him, he may have the appearance of a good soldier, but if he lacks true loyalty in every particular, he cannot be called a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Another essential qualification of a good soldier of Jesus Christ is

A Thorough Knowledge of the Use of the Bible.

The Sword of the Spirit. What is a soldier worth on a field of battle if he is ignorant of the use of his weapons?

He may possess the best sword which

Another element characteristic of the good soldier of Jesus Christ is

Courage!

This has always been a distinguishing feature of the good soldiers of our country. Courage is indispensable on the field of battle. It has achieved great victories in all ages, both on the battlefield and elsewhere, and the liberty that we enjoy to-day as a people has been won by the noble courage of our forefathers. The good soldiers of Jesus Christ need courage just as much as the soldiers of our country. When is there a time in the life of a true Christian that courage is not needed? Some people say it does not require much courage to be a Christian, but however that may be, it requires courage to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

If there ever was a time when indomitable courage was needed in fighting against the foes of Satan, and pulling down his strongholds, it is at the present day! Lack of this essential element in the professing Christians is impeding the work of God everywhere to a large extent, and allowing Satan to have his own way with perishing souls.

In view of this, may every soldier of Jesus Christ be courageous in the ser-

vice of God, fearlessly attacking the enemy in the strength of the Almighty, and achieving glorious victories which shall cause joy in heaven.

I embrace the opportunity to add in conclusion, that from my own observation, the above characteristics of a good soldier of Jesus Christ are abundantly manifest in the Salvation Army soldiers. If there is a Christian people to-day who deserve the above title more than others, it is the Salvation Army. I believe it is composed of the best Christian soldiers—soldiers in the truest sense of the word—who accomplish more for God and fallen humanity than any of the other Christian bodies who lay claim to the above title. Where will you find a body of Christians who are more loyal not only to their flag, but to God?

Where will you find Christian soldiers, as a whole, who possess a better knowledge of the English Bible, and who can make a more effective use of it in overthrowing the works of Satan and rescuing souls from his power?

Where will you find a more courageous band of men and women, who, regardless of the praise and the opinion of the world, attack sin of every form with a fearless heart, determined to conquer or die?

These are some of the many qualities and attainments which characterize the Salvationists in all lands at the present day, hence their eminent success in leading souls to Christ.

I pray that other Christian workers in our churches to-day may seek to possess these essential elements of good soldiery, and go forth in His name to fight the great enemy of souls to the bitter end.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, rescue women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert Terrace, and mark "Missing" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to delay expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second Insertion.

HARRY R. SWAN. Age 44, dark complexion, 5 feet 5 inches in height. For many years worked at bridge building on railways. Last letter received spoke of going to Alaska. Address Inquiry, Toronto.

WILLIAM CAMERON or **RICHARDSON.** Seafaring man. Last heard of at Vancouver about 18 or 20 years ago as first mate of a ship. Tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. Born in Picton, N. S. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CHRISTIANA BARKER. Last heard of in Whiteby, Ont. Supposed to have been married. Age 60 years. Brother William anxious enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CATHARINE and **JAMES LAMPIN.** Information is needed regarding the above. In 1870 they were sent from Bristol to Canada. Catharine went to Mr. George Ball, St. Catharines, and James to Mrs. Kitcheson, Thurford, Ont. They are both 40 or 45 years of age now. Any news will be gratefully received by English correspondents. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HARRY MUNRO. Has not been heard of for 17 years, and mother is anxious. Age 35, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion. Has a scar on one cheek. Painter by trade. Last heard of in St. Thomas. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MRS. LIZZIE E. REED (nee Harris) or **MISS L. M. BROWN.** Age 21, height 5 ft., fair complexion, brown hair and eyes. Missing since Sept. 10th, 1897. Last heard of in Chicago. Has a little boy, named William James, with her, aged 2 years. Friends are very desirous of knowing her whereabouts. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HERMAN MUHLBISSEN. Not heard of for ten years. Last known address, 6 Howard St., Spokane, Wash. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

Influence speech, truly, is the prime material of influence action. Action, as it were, hangs dissolved in speech—in thought; whereof speech is the shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom.



An Old Timer!

Tune.—Shout aloud salvation (B.J. 21).

Shout aloud, salvation, and we'll have another song.
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along!
Sing it as our comrades sang it many a thousand strong.
As we go marching to Glory.

Chorus.

March on! march on! we'll bring the jubilee.
Fight on! fight on! salvation makes us free;
We'll sing our Saviour's praises over every land and sea.
As we go marching to Glory.

How the anxious shout it when they hear the joyful sound!
How the weakest conquer when the Saviour they have found.
How our grand battalions with conquering power abound.
As we go marching to Glory.

"Oh, they're helpless nobodies," our foes have made the boast;
They forget that with us comes the Almighty Holy Ghost.
And unseen battalions of the glorious heavenly host.
As we go marching to Glory.

So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and His train;
All the world shall hear us as fresh converts still we gain;
Sin shall fly before us, for resistance is in vain.
As we go marching to Glory.

To Arms, Ye Brave!

Tunes.—The Lion of Judah (B.B. 40); Lord, I believe (B. J. 180, 1).

God's trumpet is sounding, "To arms!" is the call.
More warriors are wanted to help on the war;
My King's in the battle. He's calling for me.

A Salvation Soldier for Jesus I'll be.
On land and on water my colors I'll show.
Through ten thousand battles with Jesus I'll go;
In danger I'm certain He'll take care of me.

His Blood-and-Fire Soldier for ever I'll be.

When foes persecute me I'll not be dismayed.
Sin, death, hell, and fiends shall not make me afraid;
From fearing and doubting I'm fully set free.

A Salvation Soldier for God I will be.
I'll fight to the last with the Lord's sword and shield.
And count it an honor to die on the field;
In death and the grave there is victory for me.

A Salvation Soldier in Glory I'll be.
The war will go on till the world is possessed.
The Salvation Army Jehovah has blessed.
More heroes of faith on the roll we shall see.
The Salvation Army's the Army for me.

Prepare, Prepare!

Tune.—B. J. 65.

The Judgment Day is drawing near.
In dread reality.
When all the dead God's voice shall hear.
And rise from land and sea.

Chorus.

Then for this awful day prepare.
Repent and turn to God;
His life He gave.
He longs to save.
And wash you in His Blood.

Oh, what a countless host shall then Before the Judge appear.
Waiting with joy or guilty dread Their final doom to hear.

Then hidden things revealed will be.
And secrets brought to light;
Their sinful course will sinners see.
And tremble at the sight.

Those opportunities abused.
By God in mercy given;
The Spirit's voice so long refused.
That would have led to heaven.

Oh, ere your every chance be fled.
Yield to the Spirit's voice;
He calls to-day, no more delay.
But make the Lord your choice.

The courage we desire and prize is not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully.

Ready to Die.

Tunes.—Ready to die (B.J. 10, 2); Are you washed? (B.J. 210, 2);

With a sorrow for sin Let repentance begin.
Then conversion, of course, will draw nigh;
But till washed in the Blood Of the Crucified Lord You'll never be ready to die.

And that you may succeed, Come along with all speed;
To a Saviour Who will not deny;
Tell Him plainly, in brief,
That for sin you feel grief.
And you long to be ready to die!

We've His word and His oath, And His love seals them both,
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie.
If you do not delay,
But repent while you may,
He will soon make you ready to die.

When the light we have done, And the victory won,
We to mansions of glory shall fly;
There eternally praise The blest Ancient of Days,
For His love made us ready to die.

This Week's Solo.

WHAT JIM'S WIFE SAYS ABOUT THE ARMY:

Tune.—Wearing of the green. Just listen to my story, sir.
I haven't much to say.
But if you'd called a year ago, And then again to-day,
No need of any words to tell, Your own sharp eyes could see,
Just what the dear old Army, sir, Has done for Jim and me.

A year ago I hadn't flour To make a loaf of bread,
And many a tight my little ones Went supperless to bed.
Just peep into the pantry, sir, There's sugar, flour and tea;
And that's what Jim and the Army, sir, Have done for Jim and me.

That pail that holds the milk, sir, He used to fill with beer,
But he hasn't had a drop of drink For nearly, now, a year;
He looks the whole world in the face And steps out brave and free;
And that's what the dear old Army, sir, Has done for Jim and me.

Has done for Jim and me, I used to be afraid of him—
His coming spoilt my day—
Now every night, when supper's o'er, The table's cleared away,
The children frolic round his chair And climb upon his knee;
That's what the dear old Army, sir, Has done for Jim and me.

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Lost in God!

Tunes.—Faith's ascents (B.J. 55, 1); Come, comrades dear (B. B. 9); Willoughby (B.J. 169, 1); Praise (B.J. 143, 1).

I gaze upon Thy sacred Cross, And with Thee suffer every loss,
And lose my life in God.
Lord, cleanse me now from inbred sin,
And keep me, by Thy power within,
Forever 'neath the Blood.

I want Thy holy presence here, To cast out doubt, and self, and fear,
And save me from my sin.
Too long has evil mastered me,
O blessed Lord, now set me free,
And make me clean within.

My hours and moments shall be Thine, Naught that I have now call I mine;
All, all to Thee I give.
My present and my future life Are Thine for toil and sacrifice,
For Thee alone I'll live.

A Perfect Trust.

Tunes.—I'm happy (B.B. 47); Hiding in Thee (B.J. 9, 2); Home, sweet home (B.J. 54, 2); Dear Jesus, I long (B.J. 56, 2).

The conflict is over, the tempest is past,
I'm resting in Jesus, I'm resting at last;
The billows that filled my poor soul with alarm
Are hushed at His word into stillness and calm.

Chorus.

I'm trusting, I'm trusting,
At the Cross of Christ I bow;
I'm trusting in Jesus—
I'm trusting just now.

There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that He maketh me perfectly whole.
There's joy everlasting to feel His Blood flow,
'Tis life from the dead my Redeemer to know.

Oh, hinder me not, while His love I proclaim,
My soul makes her boast in His wonderful name,
I stand with my feet on the neck of my foe,
Then, bounding with grace, triumphant I go.

There's peace in believing, sweet peace to the soul,
To know that He maketh me perfectly whole;
Oh, come to the Fountain, oh, come at His call,
There's healing, and cleansing, and welcome for all.

